

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;

A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.		Page.
ADVERTISEMENTS	97	Sheppard on Insanity	108	PERIODICALS	114
LITERATURE—Address and Summary	98	EDUCATION—		REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS—	
HISTORY—		Niebuhr's Greek Legends	109	Scenes from the Life of a Lawyer	115
Thornton's British India	99	Wilson on Punctuation	109	Brevities; or, Thoughts on Men and Things	117
BIOGRAPHY—		RELIGION—		MUSIC—	
Life of Gerald Griffin	100	Uhden's Anglican Church	109	Summary	117
Biographical Dictionary	102	FICTION—		ART—	
PHILOSOPHY—		Aus der Gesellschaft	110	Summary	117
Mrs. Reid's Plea for Woman	102	The White Mask	111	British Institution	117
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—		The Light Dragon	112	THE DRAMA—	
Maxwell's Wanderings in the Highlands	104	Chronicles of the Bastille	113	The Princess's Theatre	119
Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor	106	POETRY AND THE DRAMA—		The Haymarket	119
Hill's Fifty Days on board a Slave Vessel	107	Jones's Studies of Sensation and Event	113	The Adelphi	119
SCIENCE—		Love and Jealousy	114	GLEANINGS OF THE MONTH	119
Mesmerism; Lang's History, Phenomena, &c. of	108			CLASSIFIED LIST OF NEW BOOKS	120

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THE CRITIC.

NOTICE.

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TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits

and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

TO OUR READERS.

THE list of subscribers continues to enlarge. In a few days it will be ready for circulation, when we must ask the favour of those who feel an interest in THE CRITIC making an endeavour to diffuse this prospectus among their friends.

We have now to submit to the consideration of our subscribers a suggestion which has been conveyed to us from many quarters, but which we are unwilling to adopt without first asking if there be any objection to it. Many readers have represented that the intervals at which THE CRITIC appears are too long for a work of its class and size, and that its utility is greatly marred by the lapse of a whole month between each number. Others have complained that the bulk of reading matter thus placed in the hands at once is more than is desirable in a publication of the newspaper form, to which persons are loath to return frequently for the purpose of wading through it. Then the publishers are unanimously of opinion that the publication is not rapid enough to be extensively used as a medium for communication on their parts, while the booksellers say that they require for their use a work that will give earlier information of new publications.

There is much justice in all these objections, and to avoid them we propose, should it meet the approval of our subscribers, to publish

THE CRITIC fortnightly instead of monthly (on the 1st and 15th days of each month) reducing its price from eightpence to sixpence, and its size to sixteen pages, which we shall extend to its present size whenever there is an influx of publications demanding it. By this arrangement THE CRITIC will be enabled to perform all the services of the Publishers' Circular to the booksellers, with the added advantage of an impartial review circulating largely among the public; its readers, if they be pleased with it, will have the advantage of receiving its communications twice as often as now, and in more manageable quantities; we shall be enabled to make it more complete by more numerous and more speedy notices of new publications, while the cost will be increased only four shillings for a whole year—the subscription under the fortnightly suggestion being proposed at only 6s. for the half-year, to be sent free by post to the subscriber.

As the subscriptions have all been paid for the first six months, we shall not make the change till after the sixth monthly number has appeared in April next.

If any of our readers have any objection to the proposition, we shall be extremely obliged by his stating it to us; for we are anxious not to act without the approval of our kind friends, which we shall presume as given by all who are silent upon the subject. We hope that those who feel objections will state them, as it is yet a matter in contemplation only, and contingent upon the assent of our subscribers.

It will be seen that the invitation for reviewing unpublished manuscripts continues to be supported. We have received some three or four, besides those in the present number, which must bide their time.

Should the above-described change be made, we contemplate adding greatly to the value of THE CRITIC, by a list of foreign as well as English books, classified according to our present plan, which has been so much approved.

Our ultimate design is to make THE CRITIC a faithful chronicle of foreign as well as home literature and art; but this will be a work of time and cost, to be matured by degrees, as increasing friends increase its means. As soon as THE CRITIC repays the cost of printing and publishing, we purpose to apply every shilling it yields beyond those unavoidable expenses to procure for it the best authors the age will yield, and the best intelligence money can buy.

LITERATURE.

Summary.

THE meeting of Parliament, and the debates on Ireland have been a signal to publishers to withhold their usual supplies from the market; consequently, the last month has been exceedingly barren of new publications of interest, and cannot boast one of permanent value in any department of literature. Among the promises is a life of Dr. Arnold, from the pen of the Rev. A. P. Stanley, son of the Bishop of Norwich, who, from his long personal intercourse with the subject of his memoir, and the ample materials placed by the family at his disposal, is peculiarly qualified for the task. It is said that Mrs. S. C. Hall is about to undertake the editorship of the *Lady's Magazine*.

In our last number we noticed with pleasure the dawn of a better and higher feeling in America on the subject of Literary Piracies; and we have now the still further pleasure of referring to the advance of the good cause of copyright amongst those who have hitherto sinned most grievously against the laws of justice in this respect. In a very recent number of the influential Parisian journal the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" is a long and spirited article upon the Belgian Piracies, which are a shade worse than the Parisian. The writer concludes by calling upon France to cover itself with the immortal glory of introducing the Law of Copyright into the European code. We hail this accession to our cause as a strong proof of its speedy success. Statesmen need not be much longer blind to the moral and intellectual mischiefs which have flowed—as they always will flow—from this great moral wrong, which has been connived at, and even fostered, far too long. Let it not be said for many years more that mere mechanical skill is to have its reward, but learning and genius may be robbed with shameless impunity.

HISTORY.

The History of the British Empire in India. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. In 5 vols. London. Allen & Co.

THE romances in which the glowing imaginations of the lazy and luxurious Easterns love to indulge, scarcely teem with more of the wild and wonderful than the realities of British History in India, and the most sober and matter-of-fact story-teller could scarcely fail to weave out of such materials a narrative of absorbing interest. A handful of adventurers go forth from a little island distant by a six months' sail—trade their profession—profit their object. In the course of a few years they conquer the country to which they came in the peaceful character of merchants; nation after nation, territory after territory, falls into their hands, and they build up an empire the greatest the world has ever seen, and govern it with a wisdom such as kings have never manifested. To trace the rise and progress of this amazing empire, to investigate the trifling causes from which effects so mighty have sprung, to detail the wise counsels and the happy accidents that have combined to produce results so huge, is a task that might tax the loftiest intellect, and which could scarcely fail to warm the coldest into something like eloquence and earnestness.

Nor has so noble a theme been neglected. MILL has treated it with masterly ability, weighing evidence with the skill of a judge, trying men and measures with the calm impartiality of a philosopher, telling his story with the grave and dignified air of an historian. But many and lofty as are his merits, it must be confessed that he wants some qualities essential to make history popular. He is not sufficiently graphic—that is to say, he does not paint his narrative upon the mind's eye of the reader in the hues and with the motions of life. He describes events with the particularity of a catalogue rather than with the bold and vivid touches that suggest even more than they paint. His volumes are extremely valuable, as faithful records of facts, well sifted, continuously arranged, and enriched with reflections the most profound and sagacious. Nobody

can rise from their perusal without acknowledging his obligations to Mr. MILL for the treasures of learning he has accumulated, but at the same time feeling that a history of British India, as a tale of wonder, yet remains to be written; he would readily admit that Mr. MILL had composed an undying work for the library, but he would look for another to compose a history that is to be imprinted upon the brain.

Mr. THORNTON has done this in some measure. His *History of the British Empire in India* is a much more readable production than that of MILL. He has performed the pictorial part of it with very considerable skill, and the general reader will rise from its perusal with a far more vivid remembrance of the course of events—of men and things—than when he lays down the more learned treatise of his celebrated predecessor. Indeed, the two works, instead of being rivals, differ so essentially in the treatment of their common subject, and look at it from such different points of view, that one is almost a necessary companion to the other. They who desire a perfect acquaintance with Anglo-Indian history will do well to study both, and certainly no library will be complete in which MILL and THORNTON are not stationed side by side.

A work of this magnitude is a perplexing task to any reviewer having less space of paper wherein to disport himself than is permitted to a critic for the *Quarterlies*. In what manner can it be treated in some seven or eight columns with any thing like justice? An outline of its contents would occupy half a dozen of our entire numbers, capacious as they are; a complete criticism of its merits and faults, both of research and style, could not be completed in less than a volume—any reasonable number of extracts, by way of specimens, would be little better than enacting the classical jest of displaying a brick as a sample of the house. In this dilemma, perhaps, the best, if not the only, practical course open to us will be as briefly as possible to trace the plan of the historian, presenting some passages that have an independent interest, by way of exhibiting the author's style, and then to leave this laborious work to be further investigated by those who may be sufficiently pleased with the shadow to desire acquaintance with the substance. But even this cannot be accomplished in a single number. Contrary to our wont, we shall be compelled to continue our notice for some two or three months, our excuse being the rare importance and magnitude of the book that has been submitted to the tribunal of THE CRITIC.

And, in truth, such a notice as we have described is all that it is in the original design and purpose of THE CRITIC to present to its readers of any publication. We do not aspire to the higher office of the *Quarterly* reviewers, who handle criticism as a science. Our own humble, but not less useful, task is simply to make known to our readers the matter and manner of the current literature of the age, with a brief, but honest, opinion of its general merits, in such fashion that they who trouble themselves to glance over the columns of THE CRITIC may be enabled, at a trifling cost, and a small expenditure of time, to form a pretty accurate idea of the progress of publication and the subjects and style of books, music, and works of art, as they appear, that the buyer may know what to purchase, that the reader may learn what to procure in order to peruse at length any thing that strikes his fancy, and that everybody may be enabled to talk about all as if they had read all; this last advantage derivable from such a publication as THE CRITIC, being, we believe, that for which periodicals of its class are chiefly sought, and which, therefore, is kept steadily in view in all our notices. The one rule which the writers of these reviews are instructed to observe is this:—"Give just such an account of the book here as you would give of it to a friend to whom you desired to convey in conversation an idea of its subject and its treatment."

Mr. THORNTON opens with a rapid sketch of the ancient history of India, so far as it is known to us, or rather so much of it as, having an air of probability, can be gathered from the mass of fable which enshrouds the early periods of Indian, equally with every other, history. This does not detain him long, for in his second chapter he introduces us to the English who made their first appearance upon the continent destined to be the scene of such mighty achievements, the founders of an empire, which, in little more than a century, has grown to be one of the greatest upon the face of the earth. But their landing was attended with some of the

romance that sheds a halo round the Pilgrim Fathers by whom the new world was taken possession of. On the contrary, nothing can be more prosaic and official than Mr. Thornton's description of the—

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

"The first appearance of the English in India gave no promise of their future grandeur. The London East India Company, established solely for the purposes of trade, was incorporated towards the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Bantam, in Java, for the trade of the Indian Islands, and Surat, for that of the Continent, were long their principal stations. On the Coromandel Coast they first established themselves at Masulipatam, subsequently at Arnegum, and finally at Madraspatam, where, by the favour of a native prince, they obtained permission to erect a fortification, which received the name of Fort St. George. Tegnapatam, on the same coast, which was purchased from another native prince, was, in like manner, fortified, and became a station of some importance, under the name of Fort St. David. On the opposite coast, the island of Bombay, which had been ceded to the British crown, as part of the marriage portion of Catherine of Portugal, Queen of Charles the Second, was, by that sovereign, granted to the Company, and in process of time it superseded Surat as their principal station on the western coast. In Bengal their progress was slow, and subject to frequent checks. They, however, succeeded in establishing various factories, of which that of Hooghly was the chief, but for the most part they were dependent on Fort St. George. In the year 1700, the villages of Chuttanuttee, Govindpore, and Calcutta, having been obtained by means of a large present to Azim, grandson of Aurungzebe, the new acquisitions were declared a presidency. They were forthwith fortified, and, in compliment to the reigning sovereign of England, the settlement received the name of Fort William. Thus was the foundation laid of the future capital of British India.

"Among the projects resorted to for supporting the government of William the Third, was that of establishing a new East India Company, the capital of which was to be lent to the crown. This, though a violation of the rights of the old Company, was carried into effect. The new corporation commenced trade under the title of the English East India Company, and a struggle between the two bodies was carried on for several years. A compromise at length took place. The old Company surrendered its charter to the crown, and its members were received into the new corporation, which thenceforth, until the year 1833, bore the title of the United Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies.

"For nearly forty years after this union of the Companies, the history of the British connection with India presents nothing but a detail of the operations of trade, varied only by the efforts of the United Company to obtain protection from native princes, to exclude those who sought to invade their privileges, and to regulate the conduct of their servants. So humble were the views of the Company, and so little resemblance did its chief servant bear to a Governor-general in later times, that the outlay of little more than a hundred pounds in the purchase of a chaise and a pair of horses for the President at Calcutta was regarded as a reprehensible piece of extravagance, and the amount ordered to be repaid; the Court of Directors observing, that if their servants would have 'such superfluities,' they must pay for them."

In 1774, a war with France broke out; Madras surrendered to the French, but was speedily regained. For some years, the rival nations intrigued against each other with the native princes, sometimes bribing, sometimes cajoling, sometimes fighting, the advantage in the end always remaining with the English, whose power was gradually consolidating, while that of their rivals was declining. It would be a curious problem why it is that the French do not succeed as colonizers, but we must not pause to discuss it here. Probably opportunities may offer hereafter.

Just at the crisis of the struggle, there appeared upon the stage a man whose genius was destined to be the main instrument in the establishment of the British empire in the East. Mr. THORNTON gives the following sketch of

CLIVE.

"Among the commercial servants of the English East-India Company was a young man named Robert Clive. The son of an obscure country gentleman, of good lineage but small fortune, he had been sent to India in the capacity of a writer, partly because the appointment afforded a provision for one member of a very large family, and partly because the wayward character of the youth seemed to offer but slender hope of his succeeding in any pursuit that might be open to him at home. The duties and occupations of writers at that period were far different from what they are now. They were not employed in preparing themselves, by study

and by practice in subordinate offices, for controlling at a future period the revenues of vast and populous districts, or exercising the highest and most important judicial functions. They were literally commercial clerks; and though there was then, as now, a gradation of rank through which they ascended, that gradation had reference solely to commerce, as the names by which the superior classes were distinguished, factor, and junior and senior merchant, sufficiently indicate. From the peculiar situation of foreign traders in such a country as India, a few of the highest class of servants were occasionally called upon to discharge political and diplomatic duties, and from the same cause a few troops were entertained for the defence of the Company's factories. But the employment of the Company's civil servants in duties unconnected with trade was an accidental and extraordinary departure from the general course of things, and their military establishment was maintained solely for the protection of their commerce.

"The counting-house and the warehouse were scenes little adapted to the vivacious temperament of Clive, and his career at Madras, where he arrived in 1744, was not quite unmarked by that erratic conduct which had distinguished him at home. Instances are on record, and might readily be quoted, but as they form part of the personal, not the political, history of Clive, it is more important to advert to such incidents as are connected with public events, and have the further advantage of giving indications of those qualities which were more fully developed at a future period. When Madras was taken by La Bourdonnais, Clive was among the English residents who became prisoners of war, and gave their parole. The subsequent infraction of the terms of the capitulation was regarded, and justly, as relieving them from any obligations which they had incurred under that capitulation, and Clive, disguising himself as a native, succeeded in making his escape to Fort St. David. The circumstances of the times concurring with Clive's inclinations, he, in 1747, obtained an ensign's commission, and was present at the unsuccessful attack on Pondicherry with Admiral Boscawen. Here, on occasion of a want of ammunition for the battery at which he was posted, his impetuosity led him to run himself for a supply, instead of sending for it. This act was misrepresented as arising not from zeal but fear. Clive called upon the party who had thus aspersed his military character for satisfaction, and the point would have been referred to the last appeal sanctioned by the usages of society in such cases, but for the interference of bystanders. A court of inquiry was held on the conduct of the two disputants, and the public submission of his defamer cleared the reputation of Clive, soon to be more decisively vindicated by his own daring acts. Clive was engaged in the second expedition against Tanjore, and held the commission of lieutenant. He volunteered to lead the attack, and Major Lawrence having had previous opportunities of becoming acquainted with his courage and military talent, yielded to him the post which he sought. The force placed at his disposal consisted of thirty-four Europeans only, but seven hundred sepoys were to act with them. A rivulet was to be crossed, and the Europeans effected the passage with some difficulty, and with the loss of four of their small party. A part of the sepoys then passed, and Clive, with the Europeans, advanced briskly to attack the entrenchment in flank, the sepoys being ordered to close upon the Europeans. Instead of obeying these orders, they waited upon the bank for the passing of more of their number, and the rear of Clive's handful of men was thus left exposed. The consequence was, that when just presenting their muskets to fire, a body of Tanjore horse, which had been concealed, pushed out sword in hand, and by a rapid evolution gained the rear of the European party, twenty-six of whom were immediately cut down. The sabre of one of the horsemen was lifted to add Clive to the number, and he only escaped the fate of the greater part of his companions by darting aside while his assailant passed him. At the close of the Tanjore war, Clive returned to the mercantile service, but was appointed commissioner for supplying the troops with provisions, an appointment which associated him, though not as a soldier, with the feeble and unfortunate attempt of the English to aid Mahomet Ali, which ended in their retreat upon Trichinopoly. To that place he subsequently accompanied Mr. Pigot, a member of council at Fort St. David, in charge of some recruits and stores. Returning with an escort of only twelve sepoys, they were attacked by an hostile party armed with matchlocks, who harassed them for some hours and killed seven of their men. The rest, having expended all their ammunition, were ordered to disperse, and Pigot and Clive only saved themselves by the fleetness of their horses. Another reinforcement sent shortly afterwards was entrusted to Clive, who then received a captain's commission. It was joined by a detachment from Devi-cottah, under Captain Clark, who took the command of the whole; and, after a skirmish with part of the French force, arrived safe at Trichinopoly. But the timid and petty spirit in which the operations of the English had been con-

ducted was ill-suited to the genius of Clive, and on his return to Fort St. David he made such representations to the governor, Mr. Sanderson, as convinced him that the cause of Mahomet Ali could not be effectually aided, but by adopting a course far more bold and vigorous than had yet been taken."

Clive speedily changed the face of affairs. A series of brilliant exploits, in which it was difficult to say whether he exhibited more of wisdom or of courage, ultimately succeeded in securing to the Company a huge territory, the submission, and, what was more desired, the tributes, of many princes, and finally expelled the French from the country. The wars through which these results were accomplished are narrated by Mr. THORNTON without too much particularity of detail, though, perhaps, with an undue leaning towards a justification of all the acts of the Company and its officers. That some more substantial reward than fame or philanthropy stimulated both may be gathered from the following statement of the plunder that was pocketed by all engaged in the transactions of this period. It should be observed that a lac of rupees is equal to 10,000*l.* sterling.

PLUNDER.

"The wealth of the Soubahdar's treasury had been greatly overrated, but it was yet able to bear very heavy drafts. After some discussion, it was decided that one-half of the stipulated amount should be paid immediately, and the remainder at intervals within three years. The first payment seems to have been the cause of great delight. The money was packed in seven hundred chests, which being placed in one hundred boats, the whole proceeded down the river in procession, with banners waving above, and music pealing around them. Many, indeed, had reason to rejoice in the advance of the richly freighted fleet. Those who had sustained losses at the capture of Calcutta were to have compensation, and the army and navy had been encouraged to look for reward. There was also another class of persons who were expecting to participate in the wealth which thus followed in the train of victory. When the negotiation with Meer Jaffer was in progress, Mr. Becher, a member of the select committee, suggested that, as the army and navy were to have donations, the committee, by whom the whole machinery had been put in motion, were entitled 'to be considered,'—and they were considered. Clive received on this account two lacs and eighty thousand rupees; Mr. Drake, the governor, the same sum; and the remaining members of the committee two lacs and forty thousand rupees each. The generosity of the new Soubahdar even extended to those members of council who were not of the select committee, and who consequently had no claim 'to be considered' under the original proposal. Each of these gentlemen, it is stated, received a lac of rupees. Clive, according to his own statement, received a further present of sixteen lacs of rupees. Mr. Watts, in addition to his share as one of the members of the Committee, obtained eight lacs; Major Kilpatrick three lacs, besides his share; Mr. Walsh, who was employed in part of the negotiations, had five lacs, Mr. Sraffon two. Others participated to a smaller extent in the profuse distribution that took place. Such transactions are in perfect accordance with the spirit and practice of Oriental governments; but they are not reconcilable with European ideas."

We hope not; but the History of India proves how very accommodating can be the consciences of men calling themselves Christians, and countries boasting of their morality, and justice, and humanity, when gold is the object.

The remaining chapters of the first volume are occupied with details of the multitudinous little wars that grew out of the great ones, where one quarrel occasioned another, and, we lament to add, one conquest necessitated another. Clive quitted India with incalculable wealth, how earned we blush to say, though we doubt not as honestly as most other fortunes in that land of plunder. Mr. Holwell succeeded him, but with so little success, that he was speedily superseded by Mr. Vansittart. The next personage of importance who appears upon the scene is Major Munro, by whose skill and valour fortune was restored to our arms. Dissensions arose in the Government, and the Company at home, in great alarm, despatched Clive to resume the reins of power. His vigorous arm was speedily felt in every quarter; he suppressed a dangerous conspiracy in the army, and having restored tranquillity, returned to England. Mr. Thornton does not paint a very flattering picture of the conqueror of India; we think he does him not justice. But our readers shall judge for themselves:—

CHARACTER OF CLIVE.

"The reader who looks back upon the scenes through which he has been conducted will at once

perceive that it is on his military character that Clive's reputation must rest. All the qualities of a soldier were combined in him, and each so admirably proportioned to the rest, that none predominated to the detriment of any other. His personal courage enabled him to acquire a degree of influence over his troops which has rarely been equalled, and which in India was before his time unknown; and this, united with the cool and consummate judgment by which his daring energy was controlled and regulated, enabled him to effect conquests which, if they had taken place in remote times, would be regarded as incredible. Out of materials the most unpromising he had to create the instruments for effecting these conquests, and he achieved his object where all men but himself might have despaired. No one can dwell upon the more exciting portions of his history without catching some portion of the ardour which led him through these stirring scenes; no one who loves the country for which he fought can recall them to memory without mentally breathing—honour to the name of Clive. In India his fame is greater even than at home, and that fame is not his merely—it is his country's."

"Well had it been for Clive, well had it been for the country which he so nobly served, if his brilliant qualities as a soldier had not been alloyed by any base admixture. It was not to be expected that he should be exempt from all touch of human weakness, but his failings were such as could scarcely have been believed to co-exist with the admirable military virtues which he possessed and exercised. They were not the splendid infirmities of an aspiring spirit, but the mean propensities which might be thought incompatible with greatness of mind. In the field, daring, self-denying, and self-devoted, Clive seemed a miracle of chivalrous valour—but the hero was assumed and cast off with the occasion; and he whose noble bearing fixed the admiration of nations, and decided the fortunes of thrones, could descend to the exercise of trickery and rapacity equal to that of the banyan, so accurately and powerfully depicted by himself in one of his parliamentary speeches. While history preserves the name of Omichud, the reputation of Clive must labour under a foul and fearful blot; while men remember the means by which his princely fortune was accumulated, their admiration of his genius and courage will be qualified, in gentler minds by a feeling of pity for his weakness, in those of sterner cast by indignation and scorn. Clive spoke of the love of wealth as one of the master passions of the human heart, and his conduct leads to the belief that, in this instance, he was no cold rhetorician—that he spoke as he felt. He was enslaved by the demon to whose power he bore witness, and the effects of his thralldom are discernible in almost every action of his life. Grasping in India gold, jewels, and jaghire, with more than Oriental avidity—communicating secret intelligence to his agents at home to enable them to make favourable bargains in India Stock—every where private interest and plans for self-aggrandisement are mixed up with the highest public objects. Yet while truth requires that his undue appetite for wealth be noted, justice demands that it be at the same time recorded that this passion, powerful as it was, never interfered with his duty to his country. When his personal interest and the honour of the British name were opposed, he could, apparently without an effort, expel from his breast the ravening spirit which usually possessed it, and cast the darling passion of his soul a willing offering at the shrine of patriotism. When he determined to resist by force the hostile demonstrations of the Dutch the greater part of his fortune was in their hands. He thought not of this; or, if the thought occurred, it was only to be despised. Clive, indeed, loved wealth too well, but he loved his country better. A mind sometimes soaring so far above the level of human nature, and sometimes sinking so much below it, is rarely to be found."

"As a statesman, Clive's vision was clear, but not extensive. He could promptly and adroitly adapt his policy to the state of things which he found existing; but none of his acts display any extraordinary political sagacity. Turning from his claims in a field where his talents command but a moderate degree of respect, and where the means by which he sometimes sought to serve the state and sometimes to promote his own interests gave rise to a very different feeling, it is due to one to whom his country is so deeply indebted, to close the narrative of his career by recurring once more to that part of his character which may be contemplated with unmixed satisfaction. As a soldier he was pre-eminently great. With the name of Clive commences the flood of glory which has rolled on till it has covered the wide face of India with memorials of British valour. By Clive was formed the base of the column which a succession of heroes, well worthy to follow in his steps, have carried upward to a towering height, and surrounded with trophies of honour, rich, brilliant and countless."

With this extract we close the first volume of Mr. THORNTON's history, to which we purpose returning, that we may review the others in the same hasty, but we hope not quite uninteresting, fashion.



BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Gerald Griffin. By his BROTHER. London, 1843. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE life of a literary man is always interesting. When we have read the writings of an author, and made his thoughts a portion of our own, we are naturally curious to learn what manner of man he was with whose innermost mind we have been communing; what sympathies of temper and tastes there were between us; how he looked and talked when he quitted his study to mingle in the affairs of the world; how fortune favoured him; what of his excellencies were nature's gift, what the result of well-directed industry; if he fought his way to fame through disadvantages, and the difference discernible in him when in his lowliness, and after he had reached to eminence.

The biography of Gerald Griffin, who will perhaps be better known to our readers as the author of *The Collegians*, though it contains but scanty incidents, has the peculiar interest we have described, and a brief analysis of it will not be unacceptable to the readers of *THE CRITIC*, whose design it is to make its division "Biography" a prominent feature, to which we have been encouraged by the popularity that has attended the attempts made in the previous numbers to present analyses of the new publications in this branch of literature.

GERALD GRIFFIN was the youngest born of nine sons. His birth-place was the city of Limerick, where he first beheld the light on the 12th of December, 1803. Of his youthful years his brother preserves a very interesting narrative. He appears to have given early indications of genius, although his first preceptor was not precisely the sort of man to foster it. He was one of those Irish schoolmasters whom Carleton has painted to the life. With a little learning, he possessed inordinate vanity. The sort of man may be imagined from the following history of him:—

"One day at a large and respectable school in this city (Limerick), when the master was engaged as usual with his scholars, an odd-looking, half-clad figure, bare-foot and bare-headed, flung himself into the room, after the manner of a tumbling-boy—moved towards him, walking on his hands—and presently springing to his feet, stood upright before him. It was Richard M'Eligot. 'What do you want?' said the astonished master. 'Employment,' said the stranger.—'I don't like my father's trade, and I'm sick of it.'—'What can you do then?' inquired the master. 'I can write,' said the other. 'Well, then, let us see.' He sat down, took a pen, and wrote a hand so exquisite, that it could scarcely be distinguished from an engraving. He was immediately engaged as writing-master to the school, and was soon induced by one of the more advanced scholars to learn the classics, to which, as well as to other studies necessary to a teacher, he devoted himself with so much energy, and made such progress, that he soon had the proud satisfaction of raising himself from the humble condition I have described, to that of a most respectable classical teacher in the city.

"His success in these pursuits seems to have affected him with a degree of conceit and pedantry, from which few would perhaps be free in the same circumstances. I remember one of his advertisements about opening school after the Christmas vacation, which began:—'When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers,' &c. &c. Mr. T. M. O'Brien, to whose school my brother was sent at a later period to complete his education, was himself pursuing his studies at the period of the incident above-mentioned, and was present when M'Eligot introduced himself to the master's attention in the extraordinary manner I have described. O'Brien was a man of very refined taste—of superior ability—passionately fond of the classics—an elegant classical scholar, and was the same who, by much persuasion, prevailed on M'Eligot to turn his attention to them. On one occasion, when they were enjoying themselves together with some friends, the latter suddenly called out to him in a very mixed company, to translate a certain passage in Horace. Though O'Brien felt the absurdity of such a proposal, at such a time, yet, either his vanity or his character as a public teacher made him think the challenge was not one that could be safely declined. He accordingly translated the passage in such a manner as seemed to be faultless. M'Eligot commended the effort with a most amusingly patronizing air. A new sentence was given, of which his interpretation was found equally satisfactory. Upon which M'Eligot said, 'Well done, Tom!—upon my word, very well done—you have translated these passages very well indeed—but look! Tom!—he dipped his finger in a tumbler of punch that stood before him, and allowing a drop to remain suspended on the

end of it, fixed his eyes on O'Brien, and said, with the utmost gravity—'You are no more to me than this drop is to the ocean!'"

By this pedant the young Griffin was alternately beaten and caressed, until the removal of the family, when he was seven years old, to another locality, relieved him from the oppression. Their new residence was a charming spot, quite in the country, where Nature exhibited her most lovely scenes to the eyes of the imaginative boy, into whose heart they entered so that their influence may be traced in all that he afterwards wrote, and from them were taken the hues that coloured his truthful pictures. The very name of this spot, Fairy Lawn, had in it something to attract the fancy and tinge the aspect of the place. Here, too, he had the good fortune to find a tutor whose literary tastes fostered his own. He it was who gave the first impulse to the boy's expanding mind. The dawn of his genius is thus described by his brother:—

"Soon after our arrival at Fairy Lawn, a tutor was engaged to attend us for some hours every day. He was a man of great integrity, of very industrious habits, an excellent English scholar, a good grammarian, and wrote a beautiful hand. He was very fond of quoting Shakspeare, Goldsmith, and Pope; and the first lines of our copies almost always consisted of some striking sentiment from one of these authors. Goldsmith, however, seemed his great favourite, and he frequently repeated long extracts from the 'Deserted Village,' and other poems, which, if it were not for their extraordinary sweetness and truth, would have become very unpopular with us from the flippancy and settled accent with which, from long familiarity, the finest thoughts in them were expressed. Even with all their beauties, this constant iteration was subjecting them to a very severe test. Besides the loss of that novelty and freshness which drives the world eternally to seek for something new, and to prize originality in every production, the most beautiful pictures in them were associated with tones and inflexions of the voice not always agreeable, and which were seldom calculated to convey fully the depth and tenderness of the author's meaning; yet I well remember that even at this early time, and under all these disadvantages, they laid a strong hold on my brother's imagination. This was the case particularly with many exquisite passages in the 'Traveller,' and those charming scenes and touching delineations of character in the 'Deserted Village,' which, when once read, whether in childhood, youth, or age, can never be forgotten. He repeated them frequently to me, and made remarks on them which I now forget; but his favourite part seemed to be the description of the clergyman, and the village schoolmaster, together with that enchanting apostrophe to poetry at the close of the latter poem. On going over his papers lately, I have found among them a manuscript copy of this beautiful poem, which seems, by the date, to have been given him when he was about ten years of age, and is in the hand-writing of that fond parent who cherished his rising love of literature with a mother's warmest aspirations. It begins without any title, but at the foot of the last page is written, in the same hand, the words 'Deserted Village, an invaluable treasure.' I mention these matters just to enable the reader to judge how far they may have influenced his subsequent tastes."

The biographer indulges in reflections on the influence of circumstances in the development of genius, which are somewhat commonplace. It seems, that before he was ten years old, the young Gerald not only read diligently, but attempted composition. Very interesting is this picture of the student child. His early love of literature, says his brother,

"Evinced itself at this time by his generally sitting to his breakfast or tea with a book before him, which he was reading, two or three under his arm, and a few more on a chair behind him! This was often a source of amusement to the rest of the family. He had a secret drawer in which he kept his papers, and it was whispered that he wrote scraps and put them there, but he was such a little fellow then that it was thought to be in imitation of one of his elder brothers, who had a strong taste for poetry; and as it did not, on this account, excite the least curiosity, no one ever tried to see, or asked him a question about them. My mother met him one night going to his room with several large octavo volumes of 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature,' under his arm. 'My dear child,' said she, with astonishment, 'do you mean to read all those great books before morning?' He seemed a little puzzled, but looking wistfully at the books, and not knowing which to part with, said he wanted them all, upon which he was allowed to take them.

He made a blank book, and many of his hours of recreation were occupied in copying pieces of poetry into it. As our library was not large, the poetry it contained was very select in its character, so that any

thing he could lay hands on in general, quite satisfied him; but for the most part the pieces he copied consisted of Moore's Melodies, or extracts from his longer poems, which were written out with a care and completeness that shewed his high admiration of them, the air being marked at the head of each of the melodies, and even the notes to them being included."

At the age of eleven he was an enthusiastic angler. He loved to wander alone by the brook side or the river bank, and, setting his rods with remarkable skill, to beguile the time with a book, his eye glancing from the page to the float, while before his mental vision were floating the dreams of romance or poetry, summoned by the favourite author whose works were holding him as with a spell. Already he was himself a poet in desire, in feeling, in fancy; but he wanted the mechanical skill that practice alone can confer to give utterance to the imaginations nursed amid the peopled solitudes of nature.

His brother tells us, with the pardonable fondness of one who delights to linger over the recollections of the loved and lost, how he excelled in the construction of fishing tackle, even to the making of his own hooks; how he knew all the arts by which the shiest fish are snared; how sportsman-like was his handling of the gun; how he found in some old book a recipe for the manufacture of gunpowder, and forthwith set himself to produce some, and succeeded. These, and many such doings of a clever boyhood, will be found recorded in the pleasant volume before us. We must hurry onward to a more important, though less interesting, period of his short career.

In 1814, he was summoned from the absorbing country pleasures to the serious duties of a school. He was sent to the academy of a Mr. O'Brien, at Limerick, where he learned so readily the little his master was able to impart, that he speedily reached the head of the form. Of his school life we have but scanty reminiscences, nor was it marked by any thing memorable. The next event of his life was the unhappy breaking up of his home at Fairy Lawn; his parents, with some of the children, were prevailed upon by their eldest son to emigrate to the United States. Gerald, with three of his brothers and two of his sisters, removed to the village of Adare, a few miles from Limerick, and there took up their abode. The new neighbourhood was most interesting for its antiquities, three abbeys and an old castle lying within a walk. Here the young man renewed his associations with the muses.

"Gerald took the greatest delight in wandering with his sister through those sweet scenes, stealing sometimes at dusk of evening through the dim cloisters of the abbey, and calling to mind the time when religion held her undisturbed abode there—when the bell tolled for morning prayer or the vespers hymn, or the sounds of war or revelry were heard, in startling contrast, from the adjacent castle. All these ruins, particularly the religious ones, affected him with a warm and reverent enthusiasm, and his familiarity with them at this time produced an impression, which was never entirely lost during the highest flights of his literary ambition, and which was awakened, and gathered new strength again, at a later period, when he perceived the hollowness of such an aim."

He began now to write in good earnest, and to cultivate literary tastes and literary society. He was introduced to BANIM, the author of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, whose friendship he won, and preserved. He joined a society for the encouragement of private theatricals, and to them was devoted the first serious effort of his pen. He wrote several short pieces, which were well received, and among them, one which many years afterwards was brought upon the London stage with considerable success, and the fame of which, if not its beauties, must be known to all our readers: we allude to *Gisippus*, whose humble origin deserves a place in the curiosities of literature.

But it was time to turn his talent to account. He felt this, and made repeated efforts to do so, with the ill-success that almost invariably attends the applications of the unknown, however great their ability. Nor for this let editors be blamed. They are so plagued by pretenders, that they may readily be excused if they fail to discover from the applicant's description of himself the one true genius among the thousand aspirants. However, he prudently limited his ambition in the first instance to the columns of a country newspaper, and so successfully did he exert himself in this, that he was installed as the editor of one of the Limerick Journals, while yet but in his eighteenth year. His nar-

ative of his editorial doings, extracted from a letter to his mother, will be read with a smile:—

"I was applied to a short time since by M'Donnell, of the *Advertiser*, to manage his paper, and did so for about a month, but could not get him to come to any reasonable settlement. I saw, moreover, that it was a sinking concern. Though a fine, large, well-printed journal, having a dashing appearance, it is only a painted sepulchre. Even if he had answered my expectations, I should still have considered the editing of such a paper a most disagreeable office, for, although it possessed a little liberality, it is in reality quite dependent upon the government. His manner of considering my ideas would have amused me much, if I was not so heartily sick of his trifling and timidity. When I wrote, he always threw the proclamations into one scale, and the article '*de quoi il s'agit*' into the other; and if all did not tally, the latter was sure to be exploded. His maxim was to 'please the Castle;' and I, insignificant as my opinions were, wished to tell a little truth, which would not by any means be always pleasing to the Castle. A few days since, after I had ceased going to M'Donnell's, he called to me, and with a very long face told me, that an article which I had inserted 'had pulled the Castle about his ears,' and that he had got by that day's mail a severe 'rap on the knuckles' for it. This 'rap on the knuckles' I afterward learned from himself was nothing less than a peremptory order to withdraw the proclamations, and I felt really uneasy at having been the means of such a ruinous injury to his establishment; although if I had foreseen any such consequence, I should be very sorry through so vain a weakness as an eagerness to display elevated feelings, to do so against the interest of a poor man who could only hope to maintain his place with them by doing as they wished. To make some amends, therefore, I filled two columns of an after publication with a truly editorial sketch of the life and character of our lord lieutenant, the Marquis Wellesley, most charitably blind to all his little foibles, and sharp-sighted as an eagle in displaying his good qualities. It was my first step into that commodious versatility of principle which is so very useful to newspaper writers, but it will be my last also. Indeed, I could hardly call it a compromise, for he is in reality a worthy character. I have since found, with much gratification, that the displeasure of the Castle was owing to a very different cause."

A few months sickened him of this heartless employment, and he resolved to quit it, and following the direction of his tastes, to devote himself to literature, for which purpose a residence in the metropolis was necessary. His elder brother, Dr. Griffin, was his especial favourite, his confidant, and adviser. To him he imparted his design, but the more prudent man of the world foresaw difficulties which did not present themselves to the ardent hopes of the young poet confident of his own capacities, and as yet scarcely conscious that opportunity for exercising them is as needful as the possession of them. The rest of the family joined in the endeavour to turn him from his purpose; but in vain. Neither reason nor ridicule sufficed to change his fixed resolution to try his fortunes in the great lottery where there are a few splendid prizes for thousands of blanks. In the year 1823, he quitted Ireland, his home, and his family, and plunged into the huge vortex of London, with but a few pounds in his pocket to maintain him, till he could find employment, and his two tragedies as proofs of the powers by which he hoped to secure it.

His bright hopes are those of multitudes who have come hither like him, believing that they had the world before them where to choose; that they would be sought and need not seek; that fame and fortune were at their feet, to be won with scarcely an effort. Alas! like them was young Griffin doomed to disappointment. In the tumult of this great metropolis, any single voice, however powerful, is swallowed up, or sounds above the rest but for a moment and then dies. But the solitary, unfriended stranger has no chance of a hearing, for he cannot find a listener. And why? Not because men in London have harder hearts or are more deaf to the claims of genius than country folk; far otherwise, they are more inclined to acknowledge and reward true worth, when they are assured of its deserts. But how can they find such assurance in a stranger? How can they be expected, amid the crowd of pretenders that block the avenues to distinction, to single out the man who, like the rest, has only promises to offer. If literary adventurers would reflect upon this, they would spare the reproaches they are wont to throw upon editors and publishers, and many a spirit mistaking the ambition to be great for capacity would be saved the mortification, and per-

haps the ruin and wretchedness, that follow their aspirations after a literary life.

It is strange that the examples so abundantly recorded in the lives of authors should not deter others from following in their wake. But the experience of young Griffin added to the multitude will not, we fear, do more than strengthen the moral, which will continue to be repeated by the experienced, and neglected by the young. One of his tragedies was taken by a manager, kept three months, and then returned in an old wrapper, evidently unread.

He laboured hard with scanty reward, reporting as a penny-a-liner, and writing for the periodicals, enduring many unkind rebuffs, not a few privations, but still sustained by his ardent spirit and self-confidence. His letters to his family at this period are cheerful, and breathe only of hope and satisfaction. He was too proud to tell them of his distresses after having rejected their advice. How he really lived at this time appears from the following interesting anecdote:—

"An incident took place soon after the circumstances I have just mentioned, which not only shewed how deeply the feeling of independence was fixed in his character, but proved that with all the knowledge of human nature which his writings display, he had on some points but a very slight acquaintance with the world. The friend to whom I have above alluded, and whose name, from motives that will be obvious, I am obliged to suppress, was one who had known him intimately from his childhood, and at whose house he had always, on that account, made himself perfectly at home. It was his custom sometimes to call there in the afternoon, and remain to dinner, and these visits were latterly so regular, that when a day passed by without his making his appearance it was a very unusual circumstance. This gentleman, becoming unfortunate in his affairs, was arrested for debt, but contrived to get himself placed, with his family, within the rules of the King's Bench. Here he expected Gerald would renew his customary visits; but three or four days passed away and there was no trace of him. At length, remembering his circumstances, and the nature of the conversation they held the last time he saw him, and filled with good-natured alarm at the probable consequence of leaving him to himself, this kind friend, disregarding the danger to which he exposed himself by such an act, ventured one night to break through the 'rules,' and make for Gerald's quarters. He found him in a wretched room, at the top of the house in which he lived. It was past midnight, and he was still at his desk, writing on with his accustomed energy. On a little inquiry he found, that he had left himself without a single shilling, and he was shocked at the discovery, that he had spent nearly three days without tasting food."

"Good God!" said he, 'why did you not come to me?'

"Oh!" said Gerald quietly, 'you would not have me throw myself upon a man who was himself in prison?' 'Then why did you not write to William?' 'Why,' said he, 'I have been a trouble to William so often, and he has always been so kind and so generous to me, that I could not bring myself to be always a burden to him.' His friend immediately insisted on his accompanying him to his house, where he had him paid the attention which his condition required. This midnight visit was a fortunate one, and shewed him the existence of feelings, the strength of which he had little expected; giving, at the same time, ample proof that Gerald's disposition was one which required much watching."

Soon after this, he obtained a situation as parliamentary reporter, and this securing to him a certain income, he was more at ease. He had been also fortunate enough to procure introductions to some of the better class of periodicals, and almost constant employment, although it was mostly of a kind by no means calculated to please an ambitious author, such as making indexes, abbreviations, summaries, &c. &c. He thus describes the disagreeables of the life which the young imagination pictures in such brilliant hues:—

"You have no idea," he wrote, 'what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler, beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript to induce him to look at it at all; for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial;—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self commendations with a 'hum—um.' A set of hardened villains! And yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word—failure! No! death first! There is a great tragic actress here, who offered to present my play, and do all in her power to have it acted; but I have been sickened of such matters for a little while."

And no wonder. It was enough to sicken a mind so sensitive as his.

Some of his adventures in London, and he was fond of seeking them in strange places, are narrated by his brother, and form most amusing episodes. We extract two or three of them.

A MYSTERY.

"Hyde Park was a favourite resort of his, and during his rambles there in the evening, he used frequently to meet a person who, like himself, was companionless. He was a young man with dark hair and eyes, who might be thirty years of age, or upwards, with features rather pale, very grave in their expression, and strongly tinged with melancholy. He met him three or four times accidentally, and he was still alone. The sadness of his air caught Gerald's attention. Who could he be? Some dyspeptic, perhaps some hypochondriac, or some wailing, hopeless, moon-struck lover. But what diverted him most was, he very soon perceived that this gloomy solitary had, either from their frequent meetings, or some cause, taken a most uncommon aversion to him. This amused him so much, that he was tempted to throw himself in his way oftener than mere accident would account for; and the annoyance of the gentleman became at last so great, that its expression was scarcely at all disguised. On perceiving this, Gerald thought any perseverance in such a course would be only a cruel persecution, and he determined to put an end to his distress by avoiding him altogether in future, when the young man suddenly disappeared, and was seen no more. Gerald ceased to think of the circumstance; but one night, about a fortnight or three weeks afterwards, being at the House of Lords, and hearing some nobleman's carriage called for—he could not distinctly hear the name—he planted himself close to the door of it, to get a good view. After waiting a little, to his utter amazement, who should he see approach but his old friend of the park, who came within a few feet of him, without being at all conscious of his presence. On perceiving him he started, gave him a look of horror and astonishment, and darted into the carriage with the rapidity of lightning, as if he had just escaped from the clutches of some wild animal. Gerald heard him mutter something like 'Good God!' as he passed him in this rapid transit."

Here is an interesting

REMINISCENCE OF KEATS.

"I think it possible I may, some of these days, become acquainted with the young sister of poor Keats, the poet, as she is coming to spend some time with a friend of mine. If I do, I will send you an account of her. My Spanish friend, Valentine Llanos, was intimate with him, and spoke with him three days before he died. I am greatly interested about that family. Keats, you must know, was in love, and the lady whom he was to have married, had he survived Gifford's review, attended him to the last. She is a beautiful young creature, but now wasted away to a skeleton, and will follow him shortly, I believe. She and his sister say they have oft found him on suddenly entering the room, with that review in his hand, reading as if he would devour it—completely absorbed, absent, and drinking it like mortal poison. The instant he observed any body near him, however, he would throw it by, and begin to talk of some indifferent matter."

The success of his friend Banim, who had materially served him in London, turned his thoughts to national romance, and he resolved to attempt some pictures of Irish character and life. He brought out his *Hollandide*, which was completely successful, and established his reputation. Thenceforth he was a man of note, and fame and comfortable fortune were within his grasp. But he had scarcely put forth his hand to snatch them when his health began to fail, and he was compelled to quit the scene of his triumphs and revisit his native land. But he found a house of mourning. His dearest sister had been long declining; on his arrival he found her dead. The effect of the shock was dreadful.

"He reeled, staggered, and would, I believe, have fallen, but for those who were standing by. His features were violently agitated, and shewed signs of a most painful agony, the expression of which he made powerful efforts to control. He turned very pale, and drew his breath deeply four or five times, but spoke not a word. After some time he became calm enough to make some inquiry into the circumstances, and we proceeded on our melancholy journey. The evening which he spent was, as may be judged, very different from any he had anticipated. He had not seen his sister now for some years. He had always been sincerely and deeply attached to her; and one of the brightest pleasures he had looked forward to on his return, was the renewal of that cheerful intercourse, which he had often during his absence remembered as a blessing which could not be too highly prized. Had he even completed his journey the previous even-

ing, as his brother had done, he might have enjoyed the blessing once again, but now all was at an end, and she who would have welcomed him to his old fire-side with more than a sister's fondness was insensible to his presence, and lay before him, pale, mute, and motionless."

When he had a little recovered from the melancholy produced by this bereavement, he sought to divert his thoughts by the composition of another series of the fictions which had been so well received. In 1827 he returned to London, and published his "*Tales of the Munster Festivals*," which were even more popular, and justly so, than his *Hollandtide*. In the following year he gave to the world his powerful novel *The Collegians*, the best known, and certainly the most powerfully written, of all his works; and it is a singular fact, that it was written with the least effort—thrown, indeed, from the pen to the press, being printed as fast as the author could finish the sheets of manuscript. He was now placed by the unanimous consent of the critics in the foremost rank of the novelists of the time. He had achieved the object for which his young ambition had panted.

And yet, in the moment of his triumph, he formed the strange resolve to abandon literature. Success had satiated him, and he sought other excitements. In 1828 he entered himself as a law student at the London University; but law was speedily discovered to be too dry a study for him, and he quitted that also. The next incident related of him is a visit to Tom Moore, with a deputation from Limerick, to request him to become a candidate for that city. His graphic picture of the poet will be read with great interest:—

"We drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways, and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted, and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the winds rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of — Moore. Oh, —! there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee, 'The Veiled Prophet,' 'Azim,' 'She is far from the Land,' 'Those Evening Bells.' But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. 'Is Mr. Moore at home?' 'I'll see, Sir; what name shall I say, Sir?' Well, not to be too particular, we were shewn up stairs, where we found the nightingale in his cage; in homelier language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him, covered with books and papers; a drawer, half-open, and stuffed with letters; a piano, also open, at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions; but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen in heart, though with hair that reminded me of the 'Alps in the sunset;' not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without some gentlemen's formality; in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground, at the far-end of a magnificent period, we found him an hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman—as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you that the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests, and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs and anecdotes, that would make the Danes laugh? And how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us he always wrote walking; and how we came in again and took luncheon; and how I was near forgetting it was Friday, (which, you know, I am rather apt to do in pleasant company); and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us 'good bye,' and left us to do as well as we could without him."

Shortly after this he made a tour to the Highlands, for particulars of which we refer the reader to his biographer. It was on his return from the grand and gloomy hills that he announced to his family his resolution to retire from the world and embrace a monastic life. He destroyed his unpublished manuscripts, divided his little property among his family, and was admitted into a Dublin monastery in September, 1838, under the name of Brother Joseph. His religious seclusion was complete, and he seemed not to have felt a wish to return to the fame and the society he had quitted. But he did not long survive to test the truth of the glowing pictures poets have painted of the pleasures of a

solitary and meditative life. Eighteen months afterwards he was seized with typhus fever, and died on the 12th of June, 1840. A plain headstone in the cemetery of the North Monastery, in Cork, alone tells where lies buried one whom Ireland may boast as among those of her gifted children whose works will long live to attest the presence of genius.

In those works will best be read the character of their author.

The Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Vol. 1.—3. Longmans.

This noble and spirited undertaking is proceeding in a manner fully worthy of the Society which originated it, and the high promise of excellence which its first Part gave. Its aim is to present, in one complete work, biographical accounts of ALL who have distinguished themselves in History, Art, Science, and Literature, from the earliest period to the present time, and of all about whom our curiosity may be excited. Such a Universal Biography does not exist in any language. The *Historical Dictionary of Moreri*, first published in 1674, and the last edition in 1759, has long ceased to be of any practical use. Bayle's immortal work is, indeed, a vast storehouse of wit and learning, lavished most capriciously in the notes to the lives of such philosophers and great men as he selected for illustration in his *Historical and Critical Dictionary*. Besides the objection to his plan, the well-known sceptical turn of his mind, and strange fondness for indecency, renders it unfit for general use, and, even in the expanded edition, is very far from being what is needed by the student and general reader. The *Biographie Universelle*, in fifty-two volumes octavo, with a supplement of twenty, is the nearest approach in fact to what it is in name. In our own language, we have works which do great credit to the individuals who have undertaken them, but none which can for one moment be compared to the "*Biographie Universelle*." We allude to the "*Biographia Britannica*," edited by Dr. Kippis, and those of Chalmers, Dr. Aikin, and the more recent one, still in the course of publication, projected and commenced under the auspices of the late Hugh James Rose. But it is manifest, that only a number of individuals combined, or a society like the present, can produce what is really wanted. The learning, research, and vast variety of information requisite, is far beyond the capacities of the most laborious and quick-witted student. A body of men like those who have so long been engaged in the "diffusion of useful knowledge" are eminently fitted to render that assistance which is essential for the execution of the vast plan of the present Biographical Dictionary. No expense has been spared to render it a lasting monument of their laborious zeal in the cause of knowledge. The editor is Mr. George Long, to whose superintendence and learning the "*Penny Cyclopaedia*" owed so much of its well-deserved success. An important improvement upon the *Biographie Universelle* has been adopted, by appending to each article the authorities mainly consulted by the writer, so that the student not only learns the outline of the life of the person, but also the sources from which he can fill up this outline more fully than would be usefully done in a dictionary. In names connected with Hebrew, Arabic, and Eastern history and literature, about which so little is to be found in any accessible quarter, this work will be particularly rich and full. It is published in half-volumes every quarter, and although private individuals may think the price large, we consider that it is the positive duty of every lover of literature and national glory to extend its sale, if not by adding it to his own private library, at least by causing it to be ordered for any public library with which he may be connected. Its progress is watched with great interest by the literary men of all countries, and the Americans, especially, have welcomed it eagerly. We hope, and believe, that thus at length this deficiency in literature will be filled up; and the originators in the end rewarded, not only by the consciousness of the benefit they have conferred upon the world, but also by the knowledge that it has not been conferred upon a country unwilling or unable to appreciate it. Certain we are, that a relinquishment of it from an insufficient sale—and from no other cause will it ever be relinquished—would be a national disgrace. But the wealth and intelligence of England forbid the thought.

PHILOSOPHY.

A Plea for Woman; being a Vindication of the importance and extent of her natural Sphere of Action; with Remarks on recent Works on the subject. By MRS. HUGO REID. Edinburgh, 1843. Tait.

THE purpose of this volume is thus stated in the preface:—

"It is designed to shew that social equality with man is necessary for the free growth and development of woman's nature; that it could not elevate her to complete equality with man, if she be really inferior to him in physical strength and mental vigour; that there is no good ground for the assumption that the possession and exercise of political privileges are incompatible with the right performance of the home duties of the sex; that this equality belongs of right to woman, as possessed of the same rational and responsible nature as man; and that it would be of benefit also to man, by ennobling the influence over him of that being who is the natural companion of his life."

The immediate occasion that set Mrs. Reid to the task she has accomplished with so much spirit was, she says, "the scornful sneers—the more scornful in exact proportion to the want of any thing like a reasonable argument—of those who write the popular books about woman." We dissent alike from many of the arguments and conclusions of Mrs. Reid, but we will endeavour to state our reasons for this dissent without a sneer, in sober sincerity, and with no other purpose than to ascertain the truth. We propose to set forth in this review, as succinctly as possible, the arguments of our authoress.

The first chapter is introductory, and describes the present position of woman. In the second she treats "of the supposed power of female influence," the popular notions of which, she asserts, err in two particulars:—

"The first is, that her influence is quite sufficient, without any fixed rights or privileges, to obtain for woman even more than justice. The second is, that female influence is the only influence—that there is no such thing as male influence."

As to the first of these, she denies that female influence has extended to more than personal and private advantages; that it has done "comparatively little for the sex in procuring them justice when this personal influence fails;" and as to the second, she is of opinion, that so far from female influence being "the great influence," "the influence which man exerts over woman is even greater than that of woman over man."

And why?—Mrs. Reid has lighted upon the true cause. It is, "that the mind of man—whether essentially so or not—is at present stronger and more vigorous than that of woman." Hence she concludes that the pretended influence exists only in imagination; and even if it exists, she protests "against any influence which it may be thought woman exerts being taken as an equivalent for social equality."

In the third chapter she discourses of the use of the term "Woman's sphere." She divides opinions upon this topic into three classes:—

"1st. Those who think that woman's sphere really and truly comprises only her domestic duties, and that her mind ought never to stir beyond these.

"2nd. Those who think her mind ought to be enlarged, and her condition improved in some respects, but that she ought not to be equally privileged with man.

"3rd. Those who think she has a just claim to equal rights with man.

"We do not speak to those who hold the first class of opinions, their prejudices being usually too obstinate and deep-seated for eradication; they in general maintain that intellectual culture would take woman out of her proper sphere; that is, take her away from her domestic employments by raising her above them. Those who hold the second class maintain that woman may profitably cultivate her mind in literature, science, or even politics; they declare that a more substantial education, far from raising woman above her domestic duties, will both shew her how important those duties are, and enable her to perform them much better. This class maintain of the possession of equal civil rights what the first do of a more enlightened education, that it would take woman out of her sphere. We ourselves hold, we hope with many more, that a woman has a right to social equality; and we also maintain, that the possession of this just right would not interfere in the slightest with her domestic duties, or 'woman's sphere,' as it is called. Nay, we go still farther, and assert that the energy, self-reliance, and intelligence, which the possession of this right has such a tendency to foster and call into ac-

tion, would be highly favourable to a more enlarged view of those duties, and a more active discharge of them."

Having explained her views of each of these assertions, she proceeds in the next chapter to compare business and domestic duties, for the purpose of shewing that there is no truth in the general impression "that woman's sphere is a mean one in comparison with man's," and this she does very successfully. The charge of a family is not such a trivial matter as it is the custom to count it; nor does it require so small a modicum of sense as men, when they choose their wives, generally appear to imagine. Mrs. Reid justly remarks:—

"This charge includes the superintendence of all the internal arrangements of the family, makes her the principal conductor of the fireside education of the children, and gives her a very great control over all the education they receive, moral, mental, or physical. In every case where the husband is engaged in business, the wife has at least the chief management of all these matters; and in very many cases has the sole charge of them."

"The first division of the duties of the mistress of a family—the superintendence of the internal arrangements of it—requires a constant attention to order and economy. She must exert herself to set every thing in such a train, as that all the work of the household shall go on in a smooth, orderly, and systematic manner, without either confusion or bustle: and she must be careful that no temptation induce her to allow her expenditure to exceed her income. She must use all her skill so to apportion the means at her command to the demands made upon them, that every want of her family conjointly, and of each individual of it separately, may be attended to in exact proportion to its real necessity. Nice discrimination in weighing the relative importance of many different objects, and assigning to each its proper value, and strict adherence to the judgment cautiously formed, require a very considerable exertion both of mental and moral power; and these are all called for in this—the lowest—department of the duties of the mistress of a family. But these duties, and the powers necessary for their discharge, sink into insignificance when we turn to the second division of the domestic duties of woman."

"As chief conductor of the home education of her children, who can over-estimate the constant exercise of intelligence required by woman? And this intelligence is to be exerted, not upon matter, but upon mind. It is to be employed, not in the ordinary and coarse details of business, but in watching sedulously and assisting judiciously the unfolding of the youthful mind. It is to watch with the most unremitting care the development, in the mind of the child, of the good as well as of the evil of human nature; and while it fosters every appearance of goodness with the warmest encouragement, it must repress every manifestation of evil with the tenderest yet firmest constancy. Nor is it alone over the morals of her children that a mother's care and tenderness ought to keep watch. She must assist and direct the development of the intellectual no less than the moral powers of those immortal beings whose earliest and most important years have been committed to her charge. Who can mark like her the first dawn of curiosity and intelligence in the infant mind, and feed and excite that curiosity in the manner best suited to that unfolding intelligence? And when the opening mind has made some progress towards maturity, who like a mother can excite so keen a thirst for knowledge that the labour which is necessary to satisfy it—if it ever can be satisfied—seems a thousand times more attractive than all the trifling pleasures and gaieties of youth?"

These are duties not inferior in importance to those which our sex are called upon to perform, but they require another class of faculties.

In the fifth chapter our authoress examines "Woman's claim to equal rights." The disadvantages under which she labours in this country are stated to be threefold. 1st. Want of equal civil rights. 2nd. Enforcement of unjust laws. 3rd. Want of means for obtaining a good, substantial education.

We readily concede to Mrs. Reid the second and third of these grievances, but we deny the first. Yet it would appear that it is the deprivation of social, or rather of political privileges, which is the serious subject of complaint with our authoress and those who share her views; and to this she devotes a considerable portion of her volume.

Her argument may be summed up thus:—

All men have an equal right to be represented in Parliament; but, even if it were not so, this would be no reason for the exclusion of all women; the corresponding class of the latter to the privileged class among the men should be admitted to the elective franchise, and for two reasons: "it would tend to ennoble and elevate the mind, and it would secure the

temporal interests of those who exercise it." The denial of the trust is an indignity that tends to debase; admission to it would of itself tend to ennoble, by removing "that inert and subdued state of mind which must be the result of a belief that one is not fit for this or that thing of common-sense and every-day life." Then equal representation would secure equal laws; the principle of the British constitution, no taxation without representation, would not be so violated as now; inasmuch as the tax-collector visits women equally with men. She is allowed to vote in parish affairs, and in the election of Directors of the East-India Company, and no evil results from that.

Mrs. Reid carefully guards herself against being supposed to insist upon equal authority being given to woman as to man. She ridicules the notion of female domination; but she contends that the boundary of her rights should be settled by some other test than the arbitrary convenience of man. She denies that obedience is the first and highest duty of woman; she is only bound to obey "when obedience does not contradict her own convictions of duty." To this mistaken notion of the duty of implicit obedience in woman she attributes much of the unhappiness of domestic life.

She next proceeds to consider "whether there is any need of so many artificial distinctions between the sexes, or whether we might not safely rely on their natural distinctions for retaining each in its proper place;" and she answers these questions, the first in the affirmative, the second in the negative.

In the sixth chapter she examines the objections usually raised against the plea of the rights of woman to political power.

The first is, the want of sufficient leisure. This she meets by reference to the multitudes of women who are at present compelled to pursue other than merely domestic occupations, and by asserting that a woman's household affairs ought not more to occupy her than a man's business engages him.

The second is, that the mingling in public affairs would destroy the relish for mere domestic matters. To this she replies, that her family duties are too near the heart of woman to permit her to neglect them.

Then it is objected that such affairs would deprive her of her most charming characteristics—her gentleness and modesty. Mrs. Reid answers this with acuteness:—

"What a tax is this upon the conduct of men in their intercourse with each other! Does it appear that their business habits are so rough that they are afraid to allow of women mingling with them, lest they should lose their natural gentleness, and become as uncouth and as uncultivated as themselves? Why! let them mend their manners, and the difficulty at once disappears. However, even although this mode of getting rid of the obstacle should not be approved of by those who alone can put it in practice, we have no doubt that gentleness and modesty are too deeply rooted in the very constitution of woman to be so easily lost. We incline rather to hope that both parties may soon be improved by some amalgamation of manners—that women shall soon cease to be so soft and helpless, and men so rough and bearish. Having no fear that they can ever lose their distinctive marks, we confess we would like to see them approach each other a little nearer in character."

She thinks that no evil—but, on the contrary, much good—would arise from women being accustomed to hear subjects treated of which now they are, by the custom of society, presumed to know nothing at all about; though, as it is, they do know in fact, and she appends this shrewd remark, in which there is a germ of truth mingled with much of error:—

"Innocence and virtue, though totally different, are often mistaken for the same thing. Innocence is hardly to be found in this world; our specimens of it are to be seen in the lamb, the dove, and the infant; it consists in ignorance of evil. Virtue is alone attained through a knowledge both of good and evil, and a determined strife against the latter in all its forms. The innocence of this world may often go astray from very ignorance. Virtue knows both the good and evil path, but adheres firmly to the former. Virtue, then, is by far the nobler attainment of the two."

Another objection is, their want of capacity for political knowledge. But, she adds, the great mass of voters know no more than they; besides, her capacities have never been put to a fair test, for she has never been permitted to exercise her judgment in the matter. She laughs at the idea of an irruption of petticoats into Cabinets and Senates, the

natural distinctions of the sexes being quite sufficient to keep each in its proper place.

Again, it is said that woman herself is pleased with a trifling and ignoble mode of life. Mrs. Reid admits that, at present, the great mass of women have no wish for emancipation. But this is not the natural turn of woman's mind, but the result of institutions. It is capable, she asserts, of a vast expansion, but this cannot be hoped for until the demand for its exercise shall have called forth its powers.

The seventh chapter is devoted to a review of the objections raised in two works that appear mainly to have stimulated our authoress to the production of this volume—namely, an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and a volume entitled "*Woman's Rights and Duties*;" the latter also the work of a lady. For these we refer the reader to the pages of Mrs. Reid. She then treats of the injustice of the laws relating specially to women, and in this she certainly advances arguments less disputable than many of her previous ones. The legislation affecting woman is not creditable either to the good sense or good feeling of man. At one time it was actually barbarous; but it has been gradually ameliorated, and, though far from perfect, may be viewed without a sense of shame. Among the objectionable laws now in being, she enumerates the inability of a married woman to hold property; the law of inheritance, that passes her property to her husband's heirs in preference to herself, and the results of which she thus truly describes:—

"It is to this essentially unjust law that we owe all those attempts—too often successful—of unprincipled adventurers, to gain possession of those unfortunate young women who are nominally left heiresses—but really are a sort of burden attached—to large possessions. How often does a man enter into what ought to be the most sacred of all connections, simply to possess himself of the fortune of an heiress, without the slightest feeling of affection for herself! And, when this is the case, he will be pretty sure to let her feel how galling the dependence is to which she is reduced. She, on the contrary, young, artless, unsuspecting, had no motive save affection for forming this connection,—the idea of mercenary motives in her partner never glanced across her mind. What tortured feelings must she endure, then, on the discovery, so sure to be made, that her fortune was her sole charm in her lover's eyes, and that now he regards her as an absolute encumbrance! If, seeing that her fate is now fixed, she tries to accommodate herself to it, her patience and submission seem only to invite farther indifference and indignity. He now no longer pretends to conceal that another engages those affections which were never hers. If, at last, when insult and ill-treatment are no longer endurable, she wishes to leave his abode, a scanty pittance out of what ought to be her own and her children's fortune is all that the law allots for her support."

The Custody of Infants Act, though much improved, is still imperfect.

The following chapter is devoted to the important subject of the education of women, and here we entirely concur in the strictures passed by Mrs. Reid upon the modern system of miscaled education, which is, in our opinion, the greatest social evil of our time. It is difficult to exaggerate the mischiefs that result from this source, for precisely proportioned to the influence of woman over man, and still more in the training of children and the regulation of a family, are the fatal consequences of her own bad teachings felt through the whole frame-work of society. It is a mockery to dignify with the name of education the course of training now in vogue, which is directed solely to accomplishment, without reference to mental improvement, and with the most utter disregard of the proper object of all teaching, the development of each of the various faculties with which Providence has endowed the mind of woman as well as that of man.

To this inferiority in the kind of education enjoyed by woman Mrs. Reid attributes the apparent inferiority of her mental powers. In this we cannot agree with her. We are satisfied that nature has, for the wisest purposes, provided that each sex shall have its own sphere of duties, and it has fitted each for that sphere by the special adaptation of the faculties of the mind to the objects there required of it. It is thus that social order is preserved, and the duties of each department efficiently performed, which could not be the case if there were an interference of one with the other. No education would beat down this barrier built

by Providence. But it does not, therefore, follow, that woman is to remain untaught. She, as well as man, should be instructed thoroughly upon all matters within her sphere, and that would be sufficiently extensive to gratify the ambition even of such an aspirant as Mrs. Reid. But most truly does she say that woman is capable of appreciating the highest flight of genius. On this subject she becomes truly eloquent:—

"Even in man, the manifestation of the highest genius is very rare; and woman, to say the least, falls short only of that highest manifestation; and is, therefore, not much worse off, in this respect, than all men who fall short of that highest genius. Shakespeare, Homer, Milton—all great men—belong as truly to her as to the rest of mankind. The true, beautiful, and noble thoughts which genius is privileged to give utterance to, find as faithful an echo in the soul of woman as in that of man. What woman, in studying the outward manifestations of genius, does not lose all consciousness of sex, and take home, to the inmost depths of her heart, those ideas which are addressed indeed to man, but which she feels apply to her, whatever she is; and which are really but articulate expressions of what she feels to be part and parcel of her own nature? Who can admire and sympathize with genius more than woman? And in what other respect, save in deepest sympathy and admiration, do ordinary men shew that they are akin to the great of their race. Had women read, and taken to heart as their guides in life, only those writings which have been addressed to themselves, what a miserable figure would they now make in society,—how far short would their progress be of what it now is! But it has not been so. Whatever deep, holy, and beautiful truths have been written by and addressed to man, have also become known to many among women; and in learning them, woman has felt that she has not been learning something utterly foreign to herself; she has felt herself for the time a man, and really is one, as far as finding a response in her own bosom to all the noblest aspirations of man can constitute her one. And what else constitutes ordinary men the kinsmen of the man of genius?"

The extreme *frivolity* of female education is dwelt upon by our authoress with just indignation. How true is this!

"We confess we feel strongly the evil of the tendency of female education to produce a mere automaton—a subdued, passive tool, which the elements of society fashion outwardly, but which has no inward power to seize upon these elements and convert them into means of growth, both moral and intellectual. What, to give an instance, can be more improving for a woman's whole nature than the faithful and life-like discharge of the duties of a wife and mother? Yet, how often do we see those duties performed tolerably well, to all outward appearance, while the soul is in the deepest slumber. When these duties are performed in this matter-of-course sort of way—with the least possible exertion of the powers of the mind, rather in a negative sense doing no evil than positively doing good—they produce not half the good of which they are capable on the mother's own mind, and leave it to almost complete stagnation when her children no longer require her attention. This cold, hard, mechanical, loveless, spiritless performance of duty, is, in a very great measure, the manner in which even a good mother now goes about her work, lifeless and soulless in comparison of what we would see were her whole moral and intellectual nature awakened up, and engaged with enlightened earnestness in that work, which would, at the same time, be giving life and health, and development to her own soul. And who could estimate the effects of such an improvement upon education in general? But all our laws and public institutions, as well as the education of woman and the tone of conversation in regard to her, tend to subdue and trammel her mind, to deprive it of all self-reliance, to keep even its individual being out of sight, and reduce it to a mere appendage of man. Well may we assert with a recent writer, that woman is 'taught to believe, that for one-half of the human race, the highest end of civilization is to cling upon the other, like a weed upon a wall.'"

In the concluding chapter, Mrs. Reid sums up the arguments of the preceding pages. We have preferred presenting to our readers a faithful abstract of her views, and specimens of the manner in which she enforces them, to the introduction of an essay of our own, to which the theme has sorely tempted us. We now take leave of her, with great respect for the temper and ability with which she has treated her subject; and although we strongly dissent from many of her positions, we feel that no small portion of them are strictly true, and deserve the most serious attention.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Wanderings in the Highlands and Islands, with Sketches taken on the Scottish Borders; being a Sequel to "Wild Sports of the West." By W. H. MAXWELL, Esq. In 2 vols. London. 1844. Baily and Co.

To those who read "Wild Sports in the West," no other recommendation of the volumes before us will be needed than that they are from the pen of the same author, and intended to be a continuation of that entertaining work. To those who may not be familiar with its predecessor, a more particular description of these *Wanderings in the Highlands* will be required.

Mr. MAXWELL is a sportsman; not one of your fair-weather, partridge-shooting, preserve-beating, Bond-street-clothed, white-gloved, patent leather-booted, mud-fearing hydrophobists, who, on the strength of a Manton, a brace of setters, and a certificate, dub themselves sportsmen, and perhaps are deluded with a fancy that they are such; our traveller is a veritable knight of the gun and rod, scaling the mountain, quartering the heath, exploring the forest, facing all weathers, roughing it for weeks together in out-of-the-world places, sharing the meals and huts of peasants, and trying his skill and courage against the wild-deer, the otter, the salmon, and such-like noble prey.

We affirm this of Mr. MAXWELL, spite of the portrait which prefaces these volumes. Nobody would have guessed it from that, to be sure. The painter has certainly presented us with a loungeer at a club, composing himself to look as killing as possible, but murderous only of milliners. Why was he not taken in his sporting jacket? that would have been in character—but a fine gentleman, with carefully curled mustache, choker, shirt-pin, and so forth—pah! leave such to men who have not an idea beyond them. Be yourself, Mr. MAXWELL.

Let the reader, then, imagine the face and form that smirks uncomfortably at him in the frontispiece, and a very handsome looking face it is, seeming manly and at ease in a shooting jacket and toggery to match, going forth to traverse the Highlands in search of adventure, and he will be in a position to comprehend the narrative to which we are about to introduce him.

But what a falling off is here! Can this be the pleasant, observant Mr. MAXWELL, who charmed us with the graphic narrative of his *Wild Sports of the West*? Can the same pen that threw off those bold and vigorous pictures but a few years ago have descended to the twaddle that fills these volumes? Or, as we suspect, and for the sake of Mr. MAXWELL's reputation, are willing to believe, was he desirous of making a book, and, wanting a subject, resorted to these memoranda of a summer tour, and spun out into two portly volumes materials which ought to have been compressed into fifty pages? Such a specimen of thorough book-making has seldom come in our way, and we have turned over page after page vainly seeking, not merely for amusement, but for a few passages that might be likely to afford to our readers some entertainment by the novelty of their information, the elegance of their composition, or the wit of their anecdote.

Mr. MAXWELL's narrative might be classified under a few headings: descriptions of places, sketches of character, anecdote, and sporting adventures. His plan appears to have been this. In a fit of restlessness he starts for the Highlands; he shortly describes the external aspect of the towns through which he passes in a very prosaic and auctioneer fashion, nay, without so much of poetry as George Robins throws into his catalogue. We could almost imagine that he had drawn more largely from a gazetteer or a guide-book than from his own observation, so little graphic and life-like are his pictures. As if conscious of their dullness, he tries to enliven the narrative by the introduction of stories and anecdotes. Now to this we have no objection, provided the tales be amusing, and there be wit and humour in the anecdote. But we can find nothing of the sort in Mr. MAXWELL's *Wanderings*. The stout gentleman, whom he caricatures and plays upon *usque ad nauseam*, is simply a bore, without a spark of originality or freshness; and we cannot for the life of us find any fun in the fellow, though Mr. MAXWELL evidently thinks him a great hit. Then his dialogues with people in steam-boats and at inns are wretched stuff; and though he represents himself as talking with the air of one who thought he

was coming over the natives, it is plain to the reader that the natives were playing upon him. Another trick of book-making has been largely indulged by Mr. MAXWELL. He never looks at an old castle, but, after a dry detail of its aspect, which conjures no image into the reader's mind, he forthwith indulges us with some historical event of which it was the scene. It is not until the close of the first volume, when he is fairly located among the Shetlanders, that he becomes himself again, and here he is at times really entertaining. It is from this portion of the book, therefore, that we shall take the greater portion of our specimens. The following is interesting, but we have a reminiscence of something very much like it in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*:—

BIRD-NESTING IN SHETLAND.

"Compared with the peril undergone by the rock-fowler, samphire-picking—'dangerous trade!' as Shakespeare holds it—is safe, and chamois-hunting mere amusement. To reach his game, the Shetland reiver must become familiar with a neutral element, and his operations be carried on in air, and in a state of suspension, like the coffin of Mahomet. The edge of the precipice over which he ventures often overhangs the base; and unequalled skill, iron nerves, and a heart of sterner composition, even, than that of the gentleman who first went to sea, and whom old Flaccus describes as a regular desperado, all are required to gift the daring islander. The rock-fowler's apparatus is very simple, the whole outfit costing but a few shillings. Fifty fathoms of rope, a hoop-net to take the eggs, and a wallet to contain them, comprise the whole. As, generally, the face of the cliff retires inward, to gain the shelf of rock whereon to commence his operations, the fowler, when he has reached the proper point of suspension, is obliged to give himself a pendulous motion, to enable him to catch the ledge within. His rope is managed with astonishing adroitness; he swings himself boldly into air, and always contrives, on the rope's return, to catch the spot he aims at. Landing on the ridge, he secures his frail support, then proceeds to ply his net and fill his basket. That task done, he resumes his rope, and reascends, only to renew his operations on another face of the precipice, which has not been harried by some other fowler. Of course a pursuit so dangerous is attended with numerous accidents. The Shetlander is even more reckless than the St. Kilda man; and while the latter carefully prepares a rope of triple cow-skin, the former trusts himself to less enduring hemp. In his descents and oscillations, the rope is sometimes frayed against projections of the cliff; and if it part, the fowler finds a certain doom in the boiling ocean that lashes the heady precipice.

"Use lessons marvel,' and danger familiarizes itself to men. The Shetlander tells you coolly that he lost a father or a brother, and yet—probably from the same beetling rock they fell from—he prosecutes his perilous occupation. He looks death in the face unmoved, and his hair-breadth escapes steel him against fear, and nerve him for every contingency. A thousand stories are told here of life saved by the most astonishing self-possession; and one of them, of whose truth I was assured, will give you some idea of a Shetlander's desperate resolution, when the peril of the moment calls on him 'to screw his courage to the sticking point.'

"I told you that when the fowler swings himself into a recess of the cliff, he secures his rope until he requires to swing himself out again. A daring rock-man had made a landing safely, but the rope he was about to fasten slipped from his hold, and oscillated into empty air! There was, what Mr. Puff, in the *Critic*, calls 'a situation!' Hopeless imprisonment in the bowels of a precipice, until death from hunger should release him. A moment of hesitation, and he was lost for ever. The first returning swing of the rope might happily fit within the chance of grasping; the second, and hope were over. It came—the desperate man was ready—he marked it with his eye, and measured the point at which its oscillation inwards would terminate. The moment came; the fowler sprang desperately into air, grasped the frail rope as it trembled ere it swept from his reach for ever—and he was saved!

"In St. Kilda, the islanders generally fowl in couples. In Shetland, though not frequently, two, and even three, rock-men will trust to the same rope. Miss Sinclair, in her book entitled 'Shetland,' relates a story told her by the captain of the steamer. I remember hearing it myself from Captain P—, and I shall give it in the lady's words:—

"Some time since a father and two sons were suspended in this way over a deep chasm, when the youth who hung uppermost hastily told his brother that the rope was breaking, therefore it could no longer support them all, desiring him to cut off the lower end on which their father depended. The young man indignantly refused thus to consign his father to death, upon which his brother, without another moment's hesitation, divided the rope below himself, precipitating his father and brother both to instant destruction! We

had an eager discussion after hearing this shocking story, whether it was possible to have acted better than the amiable son who fell a sacrifice to duty and affection, during which Captain Phillips suggested that he might have leaped off the rope, and left his father to be preserved! This was a flight of generosity beyond the imagination of any one else, and we received it with great approbation."

Here is a capital anecdote of—

A SHETLAND PASTOR'S PRAYER.

"The crop was unusually good and nearly ready for the sickle, when, unhappily, the weather changed, and a heavy rain prostrated the corn, and rendered its being harvested an uncertainty. If but a few days of dry weather and gentle breezes could be obtained, all would be safe; and, in this doubtful state of affairs, one part of the congregation were anxious that the minister should intercede with Heaven, and supplicate the weather that was wanted—while another section, remembering that his prayers on a similar occasion had been responded to by a tempest, were rather afraid to try the experiment a second time. At last, after a long consultation, the elders determined that Mass John should try his hand once more; but it was emphatically urged upon him, that he should be both cautious and explicit in wording the appeal.

"The time came; the congregation were all attention, and the minister proved that he was fully alive to the delicate task that had devolved upon him.

"'Gude Lord!' he said, 'ye ken weel the kittle state the crop is in. I have a mercy to ask, but I maun be rather cautious in wording the petition. Wi' a few gude days, gie us a wee-bit wind. Mind, Lord! a southing, sootherin, dreein breeze, that will save the strae, and winna harm the heed. But if ye send us—as ye did afore—a tearin', reivin', thunderin', storm—ye'll play the vera mischief wi' the sits, and fairly spoil a'!"

"What effect the worthy minister's cautious petition had produced, the old gentleman was not enabled to inform us."

This story is told by the master of—

A SHETLAND FAMILY.

"Imprimis—I must describe the house. It is sheltered by a bluff headland from the stormy north, and fronts a voe which brings herrings to the very door. The masonry is solid; the roof covered with heavy slates; while some square enclosures defend a few stunted bushes, and enable the hardier vegetables to raise their heads. A few rude offices—a mill—interior eight feet by six—half a dozen crofts, sufficiently fenced in to resist predatory encroachments from ponies three feet six inches high—half a dozen milch cows—some hundred sheep, the fattest capable of being abstracted in a hare-pocket—some good rough furniture—and a piano, coeval with 'bonnie Prince Charlie,' and possibly played upon as an accompaniment to Lady Heron's harp, at the last *soirée musicale* given by the young Chevalier.

Beside the old couple, the family consists of three sons and a daughter. One of the former is absent, mate, not 'of the Tiger,' but a Greenland ship—another is at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, preparing for the Scottish ministry—whilst the third remains at home to overlook fishing and farming; for, in Shetland, the oar and spade employ by turns the followers of a hybrid occupation; and, indeed, of the two elements, the descendants of the Norsemen reap their richest harvest from the sea.

"The portion of the family we have seen, present Shetland private life in very favourable colours. The old people are warm-hearted and hospitable—the younger intelligent and amiable. I may safely call the daughter comely—and I might even stretch the epithet to handsome. She is tall and well-formed, every feature Scandinavian, complexion passing fair, eyes blue and gentle in expression, hair slightly tinged with 'paly gold,' while the bland and good-humoured expression of the countenance exhibits 'that sunshine of the breast' produced alone by health and innocence."

We have complained of the milk-and-water character of most of the stories introduced so profusely into these pages. From this censure we must except an excellent one, whose fault is the length to which it is spun out in the telling. It is, however, too rich to be omitted:—

THE WATERLOO SNUFF-BOX.

"We were quartered in the town of —, in the west of Ireland; and among other of the inhabitants to whom we were indebted for civility was an old lady—an indefatigable collector of butterflies, cockle-shells, birds of paradise, and every other trumpery of the sort. It was winter; and in that wet climate we were as much puzzled to kill time as the garrison of Norham, when—

— they could not ride

A foray on the Scottish side."

My lamented camarado, the late Major —, was a very beautiful turner, and, on a wet day, his lathe as-

sisted him in passing the dull hours, and many a pretty trifle, the produce of his chisel, poor fellow, are still preserved by his surviving friends.

"Now in that town
A "man" was found,
As many men there be,"

who had visited the field of Waterloo, and had brought thence an assortment of buckles and buttons, a French schako perforated by an English bullet, and a stick cut from the wood of Hougoumont, and mounted with a silver plate certifying the truth of the exploit. Now, may God forgive him! the stick was as like any stick that grew on 'red Waterloo' as a Cockney's cane to an Irish sapling. It had been made and engraved 'to order' by an umbrella-maker in the Strand; and the same stick, which Mr. P— always carried when he called upon Mrs. —, had nearly driven that lady to desperation. She had a pipkin from Pompeii—what was that! a boot of Brian Boru's—mere 'leather and prunella!' A war-club from the Sandwich islands;—but what was the said war-club to a stick that grew in Hougoumont? Never was an old lady more disconsolate—'a craving void left aching in her breast.'—and if she could not obtain, by hook or crook, a Waterloo relic as a set-off against Mr. P—'s stick, the thing would be the death of her.

"It was at a *soirée*, as she called her tea party, that the conversation turned upon military relics, and Mrs. C— mentioned Mr. P—'s stick, sighed, and inquired 'whether any of the hedge remained, and if even a sprig were procurable?' Our assistant-surgeon was a wag; he detected the secret yearnings of the old lady's heart, and marked her for a victim. 'There was,' he replied, 'not a remnant of the wood of Hougoumont left; the last root of the last thorn having been stubbed out, to make tooth-picks for the Prince Regent.' Mr. P—'s stick was no doubt a stick above price; but what was it, after all, to a piece of the Wellington tree in the possession of Major —? The Hougoumont hedge was well enough for a hedge, but compare it with 'the tree'—pish! it was 'box-wood to an oak—a parsnip to a polyanthus!' The old lady raised her eyes to the ceiling—it was in silent supplication; and her prayer was that she might yet be possessor of a royal tooth-pick, or a portion of the valued tree, although the splinter in size should not be bigger than 'a bare bodkin.' 'As to military relics,' continued the false surgeon, 'we have some valuable ones in our corps. The Colonel has a fragment of the shell that left Marmont armless at Salamanca; and Captain O'Flaherty, a bullet that, after passing through the body of the big drummer when playing us into action at Quatre Bras, took a back tooth out of the serjeant-major, killed the adjutant's horse afterwards, and was found sticking in the saddle-skirt!"

"And was this bullet like other bullets?"

"Precisely; a mere globular piece of lead, slightly indented on one side by its collision with the serjeant-major's grinder. Would Mrs. C— wish to see it?"

"Oh, she would be too delighted!"

"Major — was the kindest man alive. He (the assistant-surgeon) had been civil to the said Major when he sprained his ankle; he would request from him a splinter of the Wellington tree; and if his request were granted, that splinter should be at the service of Mrs. C—."

"Mrs. C— once more raised her eyes to the ceiling; she prayed, first, that the application should prove successful; and, secondly, she registered a vow in heaven, that if she sprained an ankle while the — remained in town, the assistant-surgeon should be the man to reduce the same, and profit thereby accordingly.

"Poor M— and I laughed heartily next morning when Johnson repeated the conversation. We were both 'i the vein' for the absurdity. M— turned a snuff-box from a root of crab-tree; a bullet is more easily procured in a barrack than a bank-note; one was obtained—ornamented with the indentation of a serjeant-major's molarium—settled in the lid of the relic of Mont St. Jean—and the assistant-surgeon had the audacity to present the apparatus, when completed, in due form, to the credulous old lady.

"Woman is grateful, and Mrs. — was no exception. Did Doctor — pay a morning visit, the bell rang before he was five minutes in the drawing-room; sherry and biscuits were ordered up; and, if the day were cold, a glass of cherry-bounce was insisted upon to fortify the 'dear Doctor's stomach against damp.' As to the box, no saint's toe ever received more civility from a true Catholic. A stuffed king-fisher was placed upon the retired list *instantly*, and, under the glass which had protected the plumage of that gay bird, the box was enshrined religiously. We may observe here, that to every inhabitant of —, the secret of the imposition was no secret; they were, however, a most malicious community, and no one undecieved Mrs. C—."

"Old ladies will get sick—and so did the possessor of the relic of Mont St. Jean. The curate insinuated that it was full time she should set her house in order; and her maid recommended her to dispose of her per-

sonal effects, hinting, also, that 'the sooner she made her soul the better.'

"One fine morning her reverend adviser was announced. Mrs. C— was seated in her easy chair, with her spider table before her. On it lay a tract which the Curate had left at his last visit for her edification; a pair of spectacles, and a snuff-box of massive gold, beautifully enamelled, which even an Israelite would hold cheap at fifty pounds.

"'I am so much obliged,' said the old lady, in reply to Mr. —'s tender inquiries into every particular of her last night's slumbers—'by the kindness and frequency of your visits. Indeed, my dear Mr. —, I feel and estimate your attention. I made, yesterday, a formal disposition of my effects, and left you a slight memorial of my regard. It is a box which, though valuable in the estimation of the world, is merely intended to remind you of the donor, when she is no more.'

"Mrs. C— lifted the gold snuff-box, and took a most affecting pinch; and, as Mr. — looked at its beautiful enamelling and solid framework, he came to a mental conclusion that, with the exception of her snuff-box, Mrs. — was the finest specimen of the antique he had ever seen.

"Mrs. C— died. It is a vulgar error that old ladies never die. Undoubtedly they do plague people 'tarnation' long; but they do hop the twig at last.

"Well, Mrs. C— died, and Mrs. C— was buried; and Mrs. C—'s will was most decorously opened in presence of her heir-apparent, the Doctor who had made out her route, and the Curate who had put her in marching order in expectation of the same. The will was short and lucid. Her four-per-cents. were conveyed to her nephew, who bore his affliction like a man. The Doctor had a cool hundred to buy a mourning ring; he, too, poor fellow, held up as well as he could. Then came a behest, settling a respectable annuity, for the course of their natural lives, upon two cats; and a codicil, duly and truly executed, completed the old lady's last will and testament.

"I have long had occasion to admire that zealous and valuable man, the Rev. Mr. —; and his kind and constant attentions to me during my long illness, require that I should mark my lasting esteem for him by some small but solid token of regard—the Curate thought of the enamelled snuff-box—that was solid—and he paraded a white handkerchief; but his grief was moderated, as became a Christian man, and the Solicitor read on in an audible voice the further contents of this the last codicil: 'I therefore beg him to accept, and hand down as an heir-loom to his children afterwards,'—the Solicitor paused and wiped his spectacles—'that invaluable relic—the Waterloo snuff-box!'

"The Curate's jaw fell; the heir-apparent, in the most liberal manner, handed him the posthumous present on the spot, and begged him, for fear of accident, to put it at once in his pocket. Of all the legacies, the most afflicted certainly was the successor to the celebrated snuff-box, which the departed Mrs. C— had estimated as a jewel above price."

A curious angling anecdote narrated to Mr. MAXWELL, reminds us of a somewhat similar occurrence. Some years ago we were dapping for trout with a moth on the hook, which was, of course, thrust as far under the bank as possible: suddenly, we felt the line pulled—dap, dap, dap—and lifting it in, were amazed to find a fine moor-hen hanging to the hook. She had taken the bait, and the barb had penetrated her beak. Here, also, was

AN ODD FISH.

"It was early in June—a heavy *spraigh* had swelled the river—the eel-fry had come up the stream—and, like Cockneys in whitebait season, the trouts, great and small, rejected the fly and worm, and would stand nothing short of the new delicacy just introduced by the last fresh. Peter, of course, obliged to accommodate himself to the prevailing taste of the river, was angling with a diminutive eel, when, lo! the bait was taken, and away went the foot-line slowly towards the opposite bank. Peter's gear was stout, and he pulled accordingly, as the hooked-one headed towards the roots of an alder, which, projecting into the water, many a time had saved a stricken trout, and left the fisherman lamenting. The movement of the victim was very singular. It was not the arrowy transit of the trout, glancing from bank to bank, or shooting wildly down the pool, as if determined to burst away from every thing which could enlure his freedom. At last Peter brought his victim to the surface—and, behold, it was a water-rat! A Highland terrier that had followed him, saw and took part in the proceedings; the rat dived, was again and again brought up, and finally killed by the dog, just as he would have achieved his deliverance by cutting the foot-line through."

Lovers of natural history will be interested by this narrative of

THE RAT AND THE WEASEL.

"Apropos of beasts and poison. When in the hills above Flodden, I met a brother angler on the bank of

a mountain stream. We sat down, had a friendly stoup, and a long chat *de omnibus rebus*—as fishers will when they foregather—and he told me the following curious incident of poisoning:—

"A farmer in the Cheviots was fishing on the bank of one of the small rivers which rise in that mountain range. Perceiving a weasel approach the water with something in her mouth, he laid his rod aside to watch her movements. The little animal entered the river fearlessly, and swam over to the side where the angler stood; and, on her landing, he discovered that it was a young weasel that she had carried in her mouth across the stream. Upon his giving chase and shouting loudly, the old one took alarm, dropped her burden, and ran away. The fisher lifted it—it was very young, still blind, and when taken home was easily reared and domesticated. For months it was playful as a whelp, and would follow the people of the house about the place; but, with its growth, its natural ferocity increased, until it became a dangerous favourite to tamper with, and was finally obliged to be caged up, as it killed the poultry and bit severely any person who incautiously meddled with it. At this time rats began to appear about the farmstead—and it became necessary to employ speedy and effectual means to arrest their rapid increase. Poison was accordingly laid—and quantities of dead vermin were found daily round a horse-pond, whither, in dying agonies, they had crawled to drink.

"One morning a lassie came screaming down stairs to say that a huge rat had made its way into the house, and was concealed in one of the upper chambers. The farmer determined to have a set-to between the weasel and the intruder—and the former was unengaged and let loose in the apartment, where the rat had taken shelter. In an instant the weasel discovered his enemy—and his onset was made with such desperate ferocity, that in a few seconds the rat was killed. Although instantly removed, the weasel had drawn and tasted his victim's blood—and no doubt, the rat had sought the dwelling-house under the influence of poison—for, in a few hours, the weasel died—the victor and the victim perishing by the same malignant agency."

It may be serviceable to any reader contemplating a runaway match, to be informed that the house at which the ceremony is performed, is so situate, that part of it is in Scotland and part in England, so that it depends upon the room in which the thing is done whether the marriage shall be valid or not. It is not uncommon to play a trick upon too confiding ladies, by marrying them in the English cow-house instead of the Scotch kitchen. There is great competition among those who perform the ceremony, as appears by the following advertisement.—

"SCOTCH MARRIAGES.—ROBERT LUGGAT, Teacher, head of Weatherly Square, Berwick, most respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that (as the above marriages are lawful and heritable) he has been induced, through the urgent solicitations of a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, to commence celebrating the same at the following tolls, viz. Lamberton, Mordington, Paxton, Chain-bridge, and in private houses on the borders.

"And it being of the utmost importance that a correct register should be kept and preserved, and in some instances secrecy enjoined, combined with punctuality and dispatch, R. L. pledges himself, that parties may rely on him with the utmost confidence in that respect.

"N.B.—Gentlemen in town or country may make an appointment by letter post-paid, addressed Robert Luggat, head of Weatherly Square, Berwick-on-Tweed.

"* * * Any person recommending a party will be remunerated."

The above is the marrow of Mr. MAXWELL'S volumes. We trust that, when he travels again, it will be in his old fashion, with a gun in his hand, and without a thought of booksellers in his head. Then let him write whatever has most pleased him, without attempting to fill a prescribed number of pages, and he will make a pleasant volume, for which he has the capacity, as he has already proved.

Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor through Europe and the East during the years 1824 to 1840. By P. D. HOLTHAUS. Translated by WILLIAM HOWITT. Longman and Co.

It was a sense of their own insignificance, a secret misgiving of their own power to resist the shafts of ridicule so often aimed at their trade, that led the three tailors of Tooley-street to shroud their own personality under the pompous title of We, the People of England. No such feelings are known to Peter Diedrich Holthaus. In full individuality he presents himself to the public, referring them to what he has done as the proof of his deserving their praise and admiration. Here is his own simple record of his wanderings, for the mere love of

wandering, during sixteen years. No dangers, no difficulties could quench his thirst for seeing new countries, "To me it seemed beautiful every day to see fresh men, a new heaven, and a new earth," and accordingly he never halts longer than is necessary to recruit his pocket and his feet.

"Stitch, stitch, walk walk,"

is his motto, and bravely does he bear himself in winter and summer, in danger and want, and, with a cheerful heart, marches on, whether his flask be empty or full. With nothing but his courage and his needle to support himself, he has roamed far and wide. He has traversed Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Wallachia several times; gazed with professional delight on the varied costumes in Constantinople and Alexandria; ascended the Nile; climbed the Pyramids; dodged the Bedouins; kneeled as a pilgrim at the Holy City; stood in adoration on Mount Zion; cut a walking stick on Mount Tabor; washed in the Lake of Gennesareth; slept by the side of the Dead Sea; braved the robbers of "blest Arcady;" narrowly escaped being married at Malta by damsels who are worse than Sam Weller's "widders;" and being stoned for his impertinent curiosity in attempting to enter Solomon's Mosque, at Jerusalem. The descriptions of the various places are clear and vivid, and the expression of his feelings simple and natural. He did not write for effect, nor was he compelled to fill his three volumes before he could find a publisher. Take his account of his first sight of Jerusalem:—

"After we had proceeded, full of expectation, two hours, we descried at once, from the top of a hill, JERUSALEM, the HOLY CITY!

"A joyful sensation rushed through us, and we forgot in a moment all our fatigues, and the difficulties of our journey, since we had at length the long-desired city before our eyes. We stood long motionless, sunk in profound feeling, at the glorious spectacle. In vain did the eye seek that proud temple of which, according to the declaration of our Lord, not one stone is left upon another; but from within the walls, lofty as a house, which inclose the city, soared up the domes of mosques, and the slender minarets, surrounded by verdant trees, and reminded us that Islam has now fixed its dominion in the Holy City. Before us descended a tolerably open but stony valley, scattered with a few olive trees, at whose extremity the city, built upon a hill, commenced. To the left, and on the eastern side of Jerusalem, the descent was steeper into the Vale of Kidron, which at the other end is closed by the Mount of Olives. To the right, north of the city, on the road to Joppa, the view opens upon a wide, naked, and stony level, and in the distance behind Jerusalem rise naked and white hills, which stretch out to the Dead Sea.

"For two hours we sat on a rock, and contemplated the noble city and its environs, and conversed together on all the great events which God had here brought to pass for the salvation of mankind. There we raised in memorial, each of us, a pile of stones, as is done on all hands by pious pilgrims, descended into the valley, and on the 15th of August, 1838, passed through the Gate of Damascus into the Holy City."

Among his adventures, the following description of his being smuggled, like a bale of contraband goods, across the frontier of Wallachia, is not the least amusing.

He found himself at Cronstadt with two other "professionals," without a proper passport, and had been once turned back by the police. The next time he was more fortunate.

"We were referred to a peasant, who it was said would probably put us across the frontier if we paid him twenty florins conventional münzt (about two pounds English). We resolved to try this, and marched in the night from Cronstadt to the village of the peasant. The man immediately shut us up in a cellar, where we lay till the next night; then at nine o'clock we arose. At first it was a faint moonlight, but this vanished behind clouds: it became dark, and finally Egyptian dark; and we groped along for probably twenty miles through deep defiles, and over hill and dale. We then came into the district of the keen frontier watch, where the watch-stations stood about a hundred yards from each other, and continually gave the parole call to each other; yet the darkness favoured us, and we passed luckily through.

"After a march of two hours farther the peasant quitted us, and we had to find the way ourselves. When we had done this for some time, we came past a Wallachian civil-watch. We had not gone many yards when some one came running after us. We took no notice, did not allow ourselves to be disturbed, but marched briskly on. In this manner we went on for two hours, when we fell in with a miserable hut, which looked like a Wallachian public-house. It wanted yet an hour to sunrise. We were weary with our long march, wet through and hungry, and we wanted

to rest ourselves a little, and breakfast. In these public-houses you get nothing to eat except what you bring with you, and we now produced some bacon, and bread and cheese, that we had purchased at Cronstadt. We ordered an okka (two bottles) of wine, and were in the act of slicing the bacon, and were intending to thoroughly enjoy ourselves, when at once two huge Wallachians, in Wallachian costume, a pistol in the girdle, a little cartridge pouch by the side, ornamented with buttons, and with a tremendous leathern whip with a short handle in his hand, entered, and began, in good Wallachian style, to flog away at my two comrades, who sat in full activity in front of the table. They were startled with such a morning salute. I held myself backward behind the table, and escaped; but it whizzed in my ears, and my heart beat like a drum. At length I took courage, and as six years before I had learned a little Wallachian in the country, I asked the men what was the meaning of this; they said it was because we had not staid at their call, and shewn our passports, and they threatened to drive us back again over the frontier if we made any opposition. For this, however, we had not the slightest desire, but the most profound respect for the frontier authorities, as we knew pretty well how things would have gone before them. I, as a Prussian, had less to fear; but my companions, as Bohemians and Austrian subjects, had more cause of dread from this unauthorised entrance into a foreign country. When the Wallachians had become somewhat quieter, we ordered them an okka of wine, and begged them to let us proceed. But that availed nothing, till we at length began to shew money, and bargained with them for about a dollar-and-a-half; this was their weak and assailable side, as is the case universally with the Turkish officers: they finally let us go."

Wordsworth, in his *Excursion*, draws his Pedlar as a philosopher, with habits of reflection and sublime contemplation. But our Tailor, is throughout a veritable Tailor. Not a single peculiarity in dress escapes his professional eye. In the midst of a description of the mountains of the Tyrol, he dilates on the blue jackets, red long waistcoats buttoned up to the throat, and broad brimmed round hats adorned with feathers, of the Tyrolean peasants. Even when a Circassian beauty with whom he made the voyage from Constantinople to Alexandria comes first to daylight, he tells us only of "her black silk stockings and blue striped cloth." Being himself a "ladies' tailor," his enthusiasm on the gay dresses of the Armenian ladies, and the lady-like Greek dandies knows no bounds. Amusingly enough, too, he seems unaware of his own predilections to these subjects of observation, and prefaces a long description of the costumes of Constantinople, by the remark that "men to men are still the most worthy objects of notice." His men are, however, generally like those which were to be seen in Miss La Creevy's window, and oft-times in our exhibitions, portraits of a coat and pantaloons, with head, arms, and feet attached.

From this professional characteristic, there is less of keen observation than we could have wished. But still the incidental remarks and circumstances show far more of the real life of the people than is often to be obtained from works of much greater bulk and pretensions.

The English are often blamed as the only people who have the bad taste to strive after fame and immortality by defacing public buildings and interesting localities by their autographs in all sorts of shapes and forms; but we observe that Peter Diedrich Holthaus tells a different tale. At Carlsbad he cuts his name, among a multitude of others, upon the face of the rocks; writes it in two places upon the Great Pyramid at Gizeh; adds it to the thousands on the walls of the Cave where Joseph and Mary abode in Bethlehem; and blazons it, together with his place of birth, upon the tree of the Mother of God, which is pointed out to the believing pilgrim as the identical fig-tree under which the parents of Jesus passed the night as they fled with the young child into Egypt. Holthaus suffered much in his travels from illness, in spite of his faithful flask, and the ague especially tormented him. But what will the teetotallers say to the way in which he cured himself of this terrible visitant? He narrates it thus:—

"I continued still racked with this detested complaint, and at length I resolved to try a means of my own conception, as a radical cure. I first took calamus root, pimpnel root, aloes, and wormwood. I put these ingredients into a full measure of strong brandy, let it infuse on the stove for eight-and-forty hours, and then, morning and evening, took a good dose of this bitter drink daily. I observed a strict diet; yet, in spite of all this, the fever returned in ten days. Now, then, said I to myself, either—or!—and I ran out into the intense cold—it was in February, and I—

mediately in the full-fever frost, which shook every bone in me together—straight into an inn. Here I called for a bottle of good red wine, and drank the whole with the greatest rapidity that I could. I then ordered a strong wine whey, and upon that a portion of strong black coffee. That was well; but I did better yet. I emptied yet two more bottles of red wine. I had now enough, and lay down to sleep. The next morning I awoke much lighter, and after some days I was able, after eight months' detention, to quit Pance-sowa—and found myself on my journey, to my great joy, finally and wholly freed from this acute pest, which had tormented me a year and three quarters."

In England many of our artisans travel great distances in search of work, and are assisted when thus "on tramp," as it is technically called, from the funds of their particular trade or union to which they contribute whilst in full employment. There are besides many clubs, especially in the north of England, which have numerous branches, and assist any member when in need. Foremost among these is the Odd Fellows Society which numbers upwards of 100,000 members. But the German handicraftsmen wander from a very different cause. There, no person can follow any handicraft calling who has not conformed himself to the regulations of his guild. These require him to wander for three or more years after his period of apprenticeship has been completed. The *gesellen*, as they are called, may be seen in every highway and bye-way throughout Germany, treading their way from town to town and village to village, wherever their handicraft has its inn or house of call. These are called *Herberges*, and in them are held the meetings of the guild and the public chest is kept. They are distinguished by the insignia of the trade to which they belong. Thus, that of the shoemakers is marked by a wooden boot—that of the smith by a horse-shoe. In villages where many handicrafts use the same house, the insignia of the different trades are hung over separate tables appropriated to the particular trade.

The *gesellen* are under strict regulations during their wanderings, and are never assisted with money before they have sought for and failed to obtain work. After a day's support from the guild funds, they must proceed on their journey. If they misbehave themselves whilst employed, or leave the place in debt, their names are entered in what is called a black table and reported to the police, and no other master can employ them without incurring a fine.

To this system, universal in Germany, may be attributed, on the one hand, the greater degree of mental cultivation which is apparent in the German artisan, and on the other, the singular slowness of their advance in mechanical improvements. Compelled to pass many hours alone, he turns for solace and support to his Goethe or his Schiller, and all his capacities for the enjoyment of the beauties of nature are continually called forth into active exercise; while, in the cities and towns, he has numerous opportunities of seeing works of art and objects of interest. His mind, too, is not weighed down, and his sensibilities dulled, like those of the English journeyman, by the feeling that his wanderings are caused by the necessity of finding daily food, and not as the appointed and natural mode of opening a path to independence. But the time thus spent in desultory wanderings among the less advanced portions of the country prevents the German artisan from studying, as so many of ours do, the improvements made in their craft in the principal cities; and hence an old-fashioned monotony marks every department of German handicraft.

Another consequence of these wanderings is shewn in the book before us. Scarcely a city does Peter Dietrich visit without meeting with some of his countrymen, who, like himself, have acquired a taste for wandering, and indulged it long after the necessity has ceased. Our worthy Tailor is now once more on his travels, endeavouring to realize a youthful vision, and *stitch* his way through Russia. A pleasant journey to him, and may we, on his return, enjoy another cheerful and entertaining Book of Wanderings by Peter Dietrich Holthaus!

Fifty Days on Board a Slave Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May, 1843. By the Rev. PASCOE GRENFELL HILL, Chaplain to H.M.S. *Cleopatra*. London, 1843. Murray.

It has been often asserted by practical men, though sturdily denied by philanthropists

loath to believe that any scheme having a good object can possibly fail through the injudicious means taken to accomplish it, that the horrors of the middle passage have been enormously increased since the slave-trade has been declared piracy. The fact is now established beyond doubt by the interesting little volume upon our table, the unadorned narrative of an amiable clergyman of the Church of England, who was the accidental witness of scenes from which humanity recoils. It adds one more to the many proofs afforded by daily experience, that if an offence cannot be entirely suppressed, it would more conduce to the interests of humanity to put it under restraint and regulation, than, by placing it out of the pale of law, to permit it to riot uncontrolled, its atrocities increased in proportion to the risk incurred in the law's evasion.

It is certain that the humane efforts of our countrymen to destroy the hideous traffic in human flesh have signally failed in diminishing the amount of that traffic, while they have subjected the wretched negro to horrors tenfold greater than those to which he had been subjected before. This is a mortifying result for so much toil and treasure expended in the cause; but it is well to know the truth, that we may set ourselves seriously to an inquiry into the cause of failure, and amend our mistakes as speedily as possible. Mr. HILL's narrative will much aid in stimulating the friends of the Negro to this unpleasant but necessary task, and assured that it has but to be known to be read attentively by all who take any interest in the cause of humanity, we conclude with an extract, which cannot fail to make a deep impression wherever it is read.

We should premise that the *Progresso* had been captured by the *Cleopatra*, having on board 447 slaves. An interpreter being wanted to communicate with the officers of the slave ship, Mr. Hill was sent on board her, where some of the English crew were already stationed. Then occurred the following awful scene, paralleled only by the famous one in the black hole of Calcutta:—

"An interpreter being much wanted to communicate with the Spaniards concerning the care and management of the Negroes, I offered my services during the voyage, to which Captain Wyvill having assented, at seven o'clock in the evening I found myself, with my servant and carpet-bag on board the *Progresso*, under sail for the Cape of Good Hope. The English previously sent on board were, the lieutenant in charge, a master's assistant, a quarter-master, a boatswain's mate and nine seamen.

"During the first watch, our breeze was light and variable, the water smooth, the recently-liberated Negroes sleeping or lying in quietness about the deck. Their slender, supple limbs entwined in a surprisingly small compass: and they resembled, in the moonlight, confused piles of arms and legs rather than distinct human forms. They were, however, apparently at ease, and all seemed going on as fairly as could be desired. But the scene was soon to undergo a great and terrible change. About one hour after midnight, the sky began to gather clouds, and a haze overspread the horizon to windward. A squall approached, of which I and others, who had laid down on the deck, received warning by a few heavy drows of rain. Then ensued a scene the horrors of which it is impossible to depict. The hands having to shorten sail suddenly, uncertain as to the force of the squall, found the poor helpless creatures lying about the deck an obstruction to getting at the ropes and doing what was required. This caused the order to send them all below, which was immediately obeyed. The night, however, being intensely hot and close, four hundred wretched beings thus crammed into a hold twelve yards in length, seven in breadth, and only three feet and a half in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway in the fore part of the vessel a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and perhaps panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them

press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures, in length fourteen inches, and barely six inches in breadth, and, in some instances, succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say, without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torment,' which ascended can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning, that the consequence would be 'many deaths'—'*Manana habra muchos muertos.*'

"Thursday, April 13th (Holy Thursday).—The Spaniard's prediction of last night, this morning was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave-deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt-water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning. '*Ya se lo dixè anoche.*' He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings, now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of 'farina,' and their allowance of water, rather more than half-a-pint to each; which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing,—their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night.

"A heavy shower having freshened the air, in the evening most of the negroes went below of their own accord, the hatchways being left open to allow them air. But a short time, however, had elapsed when they began tumultuously to re-ascend; while persons above, afraid of their crowding the deck too much, repelled them, and they were trampled back, screaming and writhing in a confused mass. The hatch was about to be forced down on them; and, had not the lieutenant in charge left positive orders to the contrary, the catastrophe of last night would have been re-enacted. Antonio, whom I called at this juncture, turned away with a gesture of horror, saying, '*No soy capaz de matarlos como anoche.*' On explaining to him, however, that it was desired he would dispose in proper places those who came on deck, he set himself to the task with great alacrity. As they climbed nimbly up, he made me feel their skins, which had been wetted by the rain: '*Estan frescos*'—'*they are cool.*' '*No tienen calor, tienen miedo.*' It was not heat, but fear, which now made them rush to escape from the hold: and he shewed me, with much satisfaction, how soon and quietly they were arranged out of the way of the ropes, covered with long rugs provided for the purpose."

Mr. HILL attributes these horrors to the ignorance of our people in the management of such a cargo, and he thinks that nothing of the kind would have occurred had the slaves been left to the traders, whose interest it is to convey them in health and safety, and to whom experience has taught the best means of attaining this object. His conclusion is, that unless we interfere more judiciously than we have hitherto done, our intended kindness is a curse to the slave, whose miseries we increase by the very means we have adopted for his protection.

It is wounding to our vanity to be told this; but, if it be true, we cannot be too soon assured of the fact, that we may change our injudicious policy.

SCIENCE.

Mesmerism: its History, Phenomena, and Practice: with Reports of Cases developed in Scotland. By WILLIAM LANG. London. Orr and Co.

MESMERISM, as we observed in our last number, is merely a question of fact, for no attempt has yet been made to resolve it into a science; that is, to frame a theory of its causes and to lay down its laws. The single point at issue between those who believe and those who deny is this: "Are the phenomena reported of it actual or false? or, in other words, are all the thousands of patients and hundreds of operators impostors, and are all the tens of thousands of witnesses giving false evidence of what they have seen, or are they themselves deluded?" For, if a single case be real, though all the rest be impostures, the truth of mesmerism is established, and, like other facts in nature, it will deserve investigation.

A person ignorant of the history of scientific discovery would imagine that so simple a question could be decided without much difficulty, and the fact whether such phenomena are actually exhibited placed beyond doubt. No mystery is thrown about it; it is practised openly, in the face of day, in the presence of crowds; any person may make trial of it, and every facility is offered for the detection of imposture if it exist. It is not confined to a few professors, nor to a few patients; not to one sex, nor to any particular age or class, nor to any country. It is manifested everywhere equally, and everywhere it is open to investigation by the most sceptical. Other facts in nature are universally accepted that have not half the evidence of these. How many of their own knowledge receive the truths of astronomy? are these not taken upon trust, upon the credit of the few who have made them their study? But mesmerism requires no such stretch of faith as astronomy, for its facts are palpable to the senses: every person who has eyes and ears and hands can ascertain them for himself. Yet, strange to say, the very persons who refuse to believe the facts of mesmerism, which they can personally observe and to which there are thousands of witnesses, readily believe the no less wonderful facts of astronomy, which they never can see, and which they can receive only on the credit of some half-dozen men who have made them their study.

And why do they refuse belief? Because, say they, the phenomena are so extraordinary and inexplicable. But they are not more extraordinary than many other facts in physiology, nor more inexplicable. Is not life itself a mystery? Can we tell how the nerves convey impressions to the brain, and carry the mind's will to the muscles? We cannot explain a thousandth part of the functions of the human frame, but do we therefore deny them? And why? Because we see that they exist. The only reason then for refusing to believe those functions of the frame exhibited in mesmerism can be that we have not seen them, and they are not so familiar to us as those other functions which we believe though we cannot account for them. What, then, does reason tell us to do? Not to deny before we have examined; not to say it can't be, because it differs from other wonders we have seen, but to suspend judgment till we have seen and tried and satisfied ourselves, by actual experiment, of its truth or falsehood. Then, and not till then, is an opinion upon it justifiable.

What should we say, if a man were angrily to deny the existence of madness because he had never witnessed it? Should we not point to the narratives of cases, and if he were to retort that they are impostures, should we not set him down himself as a madman or fool? But in what does such a man differ from those who, never having investigated the phenomena of mesmerism, yet venture to deny them? There are at least as many mesmeric patients as mad persons, and it is just as reasonable to assert that all madmen and mad-doctors are impostors, as that all the mesmeric patients are acting a part, and all mesmerisers practising upon the credulity of mankind.

But we would not presume so far as the teachers of other sciences, and ask any person to believe upon the assertions of others without personal investigation. Astronomers, chemists, electricians, physiologists, all do this, and would be extremely wroth if their authority were rejected. They who have investigated those phenomena of physiology to which the name of mesmerism has been given, are

more modest; they do not expect anybody to receive the facts on their authority, or on that of any number of witnesses. They ask only, and the demand is surely a rational one, that those who have not seen them will suspend their judgments, and not reject without inquiry, and abuse and accuse without some personal investigation. It seems to be forgotten that every criminal is hanged on evidence far weaker than that which establishes the facts of mesmerism; and can it be, that less weighty testimony shall be required in order to take away the life of a fellow-creature, than to compel a suspension of opinion before condemnation in a matter which, if true, must be fraught with enormous blessings to the human race, and open new fields of knowledge to the philosopher.

If a man were to announce to the government that he had discovered a means by which all the fearful operations in surgery could be performed without pain to the patient, and even without his knowledge of what was doing, should we not say that the ministry who could neglect information so valuable would be at least as culpable as if they had turned a deaf ear to an account of some new invention for the destruction of life in war? Should we not cry shame upon them if they did not appoint some fit persons to investigate the justice of the claim, and, if found to be true, should we deem any reward too great for the inventor of such a boon to humanity? Yet this is precisely what mesmerism has done; it asserts the power of rendering the body insensible to pain; it proves it by experiments that none who behold can question; and yet, as if people were angry that there was a chance of operations being performed without pain, they abuse those who point out the means, and actually refuse to see, lest they should be convinced against their will.

But their ready answer is, that some men of science deny its truth. Is not the history of science rife with refutations of this fallacy? What new discovery has ever been made, in any country, or in any age, to which the foremost men were not opposed? Has not every step in the march of science been tracked by the same hostility, the same dogmatizing scepticism? Did not the most famous men of his generation howl at Galileo for teaching the motions of the earth? Was not Harvey persecuted for proclaiming the circulation of the blood? In our own day, have we not seen the geologists preached against, abused, libelled, and proscribed, for discoveries which are now accepted, even by their opponents, as undoubted truths? Why is it that the world is so ready to resent as an insult any thing that has the shape of novelty in science, is a problem which we have not leisure now to discuss; in this place, where we are but putting in the claims of mesmerism to a patient hearing and a fair investigation before it is condemned, the fact is sufficient: the lesson we deduce from it is, that the hostility of the great is no evidence of falsehood, and that experience proves the danger of rejecting any facts in natural history without due examination.

We were as sceptical as the most incredulous, till we had tried and proved the facts with our own eyes, hands, and understandings. The cases described in our last number have been confirmed by more cases, which we have beheld and tried with still greater care and precaution against imposition. They have satisfied us that mesmerism is an existing fact in nature, and that as such it deserves the most anxious and accurate investigation. As yet little indeed is known about it, nor do we go one step beyond the admission of the existence of the mesmeric or somnambulant state. The phenomena exhibited in that state will require more noting than they have yet had, before they can be considered as completely established. It is to observe them accurately under all their aspects that we propose the formation of a society having this single object; and glad shall we be to receive the aid of any person who feels an equal interest in the survey of this new and as yet almost untrodden path of natural science.

We have devoted so much care to this attempt to meet the irrational prejudices that oppose even a hearing of the facts of mesmerism, that we have left ourselves no space to answer the arguments by which they have been attacked, still less to lay before our readers any portion of the very interesting volume the name of which appears above. This duty we must postpone until our next, when Mr. LANG's book shall receive the attention it deserves. But we cannot refrain from noticing one form of

hostility with which mesmerism is met, chiefly by members of the medical profession. "Oh!" say they, unable to dispute the phenomena, "these are not at all new or wonderful; they have been known to medicine for centuries; they are the ordinary phenomena of hysteria."

So let it be; if they please to call it *hysteria* rather than *mesmerism*, they are welcome to do so; we, who seek truth for its own sake, will not quarrel about a name. Give them what title you please, the phenomena are not the less mysterious, the less strange, the less deserving investigation as facts in nature. The objection only amounts to this, that there is in hysteria a great deal to be observed, and which imperatively demands inquiry.

The article in the last number of THE CRITIC, which we closed with a suggestion for the formation of a society purposely to investigate the phenomena of mesmerism, has brought letters from all parts of the country, urging us to the immediate adoption of the design, and promising cordial co-operation. We had hoped, in the present number, to submit a prospectus of such a society, and to announce its actual beginning; but business will take us from town during the next three weeks, and, as the first movement of it will require great personal care and attention, we have deemed it desirable to postpone the beginning of the work until we can be upon the spot to aid it. In the meanwhile, however, we shall be glad to receive the names and advice of persons willing to co-operate.

Observations on the Proximate Cause of Insanity. By JAMES SHEPPARD, M. R. C. S. London, 1844. Longman & Co.

MR. SHEPPARD broaches the theory that insanity is produced by a change in the structural condition of the blood, and he has composed the present treatise for the purpose of directing the attention of the Profession to the following points:—

- "1st. Is the mind capable of acting on the blood so as to alter its constitution?"
- "2nd. Can any morbid conditions of the blood so act on the mind as to interfere with its perfect development?"
- "3rdly. Can the blood in certain morbid conditions so interfere with the development of the mind as to cause insanity?"

Hitherto, he says, the *quantity* and not the *quality* of the blood in the cranium has been considered in relation to insanity. In proof of this, he cites the opinion of the principal writers upon the subject, from whose testimony he concludes that insanity is often developed without any change in the structure of the brain, of the membranes, or of the cranium discoverable after death. On this he founds four propositions:—

- "1st. That insanity may result either from a disease, or an impairment, of the entire mind, or of what is termed its powers and faculties.
- "2nd. Or, that unappreciable lesions of structure are equal to the production of insanity.
- "3rd. Or, that morbid conditions of the nervous system, generally, can produce insanity.
- "4th. Or, that insanity, when developed, results from the action of a morbid condition of the circulating fluid."

Each of these he submits to separate examination, and having established them to his own satisfaction, he proceeds to inquire what relation exists between insanity and morbid conditions of the circulating fluid, to which, he says, he was led by reflecting upon the phenomena of intoxication. The delirium in fever is an illustration of his views. Disease of the lungs is very frequently associated with insanity; thus would the hereditary taint be accounted for.

He then proceeds to establish the following proposition:—

"That in perfect health, such an equilibrium is maintained between the mind and the condition of the blood, that whatever materially interferes with, the one affects the other in an equal degree;"

which he illustrates by shewing,

- "1st. That the mind, through the medium of the

nervous system, possesses a certain influence over the condition of the blood.

"2nd. That the condition of the blood, through the medium of the brain, possesses a certain influence over the mind, in relation to its development; and having done this, he maintains three more:—

"1st. That a morbid quantity of blood is frequently the exciting cause of insanity.

"2nd. That deficiency of blood is frequently the exciting cause of insanity.

"3rd. That a morbid quality of the blood is, undeniably, at times, the cause of insanity; and that there is, at least, presumptive evidence that insanity may always be dependent thereon."

These he illustrates by a number of cases, and among them that of drunkenness, the physiology of which has more than a merely medical interest:—

"Let us now consider the case of a man who, having drunk intoxicating liquors, exhibits the phenomena of insanity. It has generally been supposed that in this peculiar condition of the system, the brain is over stimulated; but the idea of insanity resulting from over stimulation is gratuitous.

"Dr. Prout remarks, that alcohol, and all liquors that he tried, had the remarkable effect of diminishing the quantity of carbonic acid in the expired air.

"Liebig says, 'Neither the expired air, nor the perspiration, nor the urine, contains any trace of alcohol; and there can be no doubt but that the elements of alcohol combine with oxygen in the body, and that its carbon and hydrogen escape as carbonic acid and water. It appears, moreover, that when alcohol is absorbed into the blood, it combines, very readily and rapidly, with the oxygen of this fluid. The reciprocal action between its elements and oxygen is greater than that exercised between the elements of the metamorphosed tissue and oxygen, and, accordingly, alcohol prevents the action of the supporter of combustion, not only upon the products of the change of matter, but upon the tissues themselves. This explains many phenomena resulting from the use of alcohol. Alcohol thus puts an end to change of matter in certain parts of the body, and it has the effect of converting arterial into venous blood, without the proper effect of the former upon the tissues being produced. Weariness, feebleness in the limbs, and drowsiness, shew that the force available for mechanical purposes, or, in other words, that the change of matter has been diminished.'

"These remarks appear to prove that alcohol does not long continue to circulate through the brain as alcohol, but that it is resolved into some other compound, by which arterial is converted into venous blood, and a limit is put to change of matter."

With this brief analysis of Mr. Sheppard's theory, we leave it to the consideration of those who may feel an interest in it.

EDUCATION.

Stories of the Gods and Heroes of Greece, told by Berthold Niebuhr to his Son. Translated from the German. Edited by SARAH AUSTIN. London, 1843. John W. Parker, West Strand.

A FEW years ago we trembled lest the rising generation should be debarred from the enjoyment we in our childhood had derived from the legends, tales, and nursery stories of our own and other countries. "Blue Beard" and "Cinderella" were to be replaced by "The Infant Astronomer," and "Minerology for children of five years old," while the only refreshment their juvenile minds were to be allowed from the springs of imagination were "Tales illustrative of Political Economy." We rejoice to say a new and better spirit has come over the age. The cultivation of the fancy and imagination is no longer supposed to teach falsehood, and every day furnishes some new work to delight our little nephews and nieces, and to awaken their minds to the beauties of those tales which, having their birth in the childhood of a nation, must ever be suitable, from their simplicity and genuine feeling, to the children of all periods. This little book before us is one of the most charming we have seen. It contains the stories of the Argonauts,

Herakles (Hercules), and the Herakleids and Orestes, as told by the illustrious historian and scholar Niebuhr to his son Marcus. It is delightful to see how admirably a great mind like his can give all the youthful freshness and simplicity of narrative fitted to attract a child's attention, and fix the stories indelibly in a child's memory. A similar example may be seen in the picturesque relations of the early legends of Rome given by his friend and fellow-worker in the mine of Roman History, Dr. Arnold, in his first volume of the History of Rome.

The translator, as will be seen, has preserved the Greek names of the Gods and heroes of Greece, instead of adopting the Roman corruptions. Although this is a child's book, we think this is wisely done. They are so given in our best recent school-books, and by learning the right names at first, there will be nothing to unlearn afterwards. Besides, it is of great importance to preserve the beautiful creations of the Greek imagination unalloyed and undeformed by the coarser associations with which the Romans disfigured and corrupted the myths which their poverty-stricken imagination compelled them to borrow. We will give two short extracts from the story of the Argonauts, that mamas and grandmamas may have no excuse for not putting this little book into the hands of their children and grandchildren, and if they do not wish to be teased to death by "Please, Mama, buy this," we recommend them to keep this month's Critic far out of the reach of their darlings.

"When they came to the rocks, they found them floating far asunder, but already beginning to come nearer to each other. The Argonauts sailed right on towards the middle; and when they were close to the rocks, one of the heroes stood in front of the ship, with a dove in his hand, and let her fly. Now when anything living went between the rocks, they struck together and then flew wide asunder. But the dove flew fast, and Pallas helped her, because she was a good and kind dove, and she was snow-white; and when the rocks closed, they only pulled out the feathers of her tail, which soon grew again. And the rocks flew far apart, and the heroes rowed with might and main and got safely through, and the rocks only knocked off a little bit of the ship's stern; the dove alighted on the ship, and was not angry with the Argonauts; and afterwards Pallas took her and set her in the sky, where she may still be seen as a beautiful constellation.

"After the Argonauts had passed safely through the Symplegades, they got into the river Phasis, which flows through Colchis. Some of them stayed in the ship, but Jason and Polydeukes, and many other heroes; went to the city where the king lived. The king's name was Æetes, and he had a daughter, called Medea. Then Jason told Æetes that Pelias had sent them to fetch the golden fleece, and asked him to give it them. Now Æetes did not like to lose the fleece, but he could not refuse it to Jason, because it was fated that he must give it to him who should come from Greece and ask for it. So he told Jason he should have it, but that he must first yoke the brazen bulls to a plough, and plough a large field and sow it with the dragon's teeth. Now the brazen bulls had been made by Hephestus, and they lived and moved like real bulls, only they blew flames out of their mouths and nostrils, and were far stronger and fiercer than real bulls: on that account they were kept in a stable built with iron and huge stones and chained with great strong iron chains.

"As for the dragon's teeth, when they were sown like corn in the earth, there grew up men in armour, with swords and spears, who killed the person that had sowed them. Thus, you see, the king wanted Jason to be killed, and he thought that if the brazen bulls did not kill him, the armed men certainly would."

But Medea, the king's daughter, loved Jason, and, to save him from this death, she made an ointment which rendered him invulnerable, and very strong, "so that his sword and spear cut and thrust through iron as if it were butter."

"Now this was the day fixed for Jason to yoke the bulls and sow the dragon's teeth. And early in the morning, before sunrise, King Æetes, with his daughter and his ministers, warriors, attendants, and courtiers, came and seated himself on his throne near where Jason was to plough, and the others sat upon benches; and all the people came out of the city to see what would happen, and the little boys climbed into the trees to get a better view.

"Jason rubbed himself and his armour as Medea had told him, and came out to the field, close by which was the stable in which the brazen bulls were kept shut up. Then the door was thrown open, and Jason went boldly in and unchained the bulls, and held each of them by one horn, one with one hand and one with the other,

and dragged them out of the stable. The bulls bellowed frightfully, and fire and smoke came out of their mouths and noses, as out of a burning mountain. Then the wicked king Æetes was delighted, but those among the lookers-on who were good, and saw how brave and handsome Jason was, were grieved, and feared he would be killed; for they did not know that Medea helped him. And Jason bent the heads of the bulls down to the ground, and though they kicked and struggled, he drew them on their knees.

"Then Polydeukes brought the plough to which they were to be yoked, which was all made of iron, and threw the yoke over their necks, and an iron chain round their horns; meanwhile Jason held their noses so close to the ground that they could not breathe out fire. As soon as Polydeukes had yoked the bulls, he sprang quickly away, and Jason seized the iron chain with one hand and the handle of the plough with the other, and then let go their horns. Up jumped the bulls, and tried to run away; but Jason held the chain so tight that they were forced to go slowly and plough properly. Now the sun had risen just as the bulls were harnessed, and by mid-day Jason had ploughed the whole field. Then he took the yoke off them and let them go; and they were so frightened that they ran away like a cat that has been beaten, and did not stop till they got to the mountains, and if Hephestus had not caught them and taken them away, they would have set all the forest on fire."

The only complaint we can make is, that the stories are too few.

A Treatise on Grammatical Punctuation, designed for Letter-writers, Authors, Printers, and Correctors of the Press, and for the use of Academies and Schools. By JOHN WILSON. Manchester, 1844.

UNDOUBTEDLY the art of punctuation is very imperfectly understood by any of the classes of persons to whom this volume is addressed. Letter-writers rarely punctuate at all, authors follow their fancies, printers and correctors please the eye, and in schools the art is never taught. Yet are there rules to be observed in this matter, and every reader will acknowledge the importance of their judicious observance; for what strange mistakes in meanings are occasioned by the displacement of a comma. A treatise that proposes to familiarize the principles of punctuation, easily accessible in price and readily intelligible in its composition, cannot be other than welcome to all who write or print, and Mr. Wilson's is certainly the most comprehensive and the most instructive that has come under our observation.

He describes *seriatim* the various characters used for the purpose of punctuation both in writing and printing, shewing the value of each, and laying down rules for its employment.

From its very nature, this volume offers no matter for extract, but we can say of it that it is prepared with great care and good judgment, and that no printing-office ought to be without it, as, from its simple arrangement, the compositor and reader will be enabled, in an instant, to solve any doubt that may arise in the course of their labours. In schools and families it cannot fail to be useful, equally to teacher and pupil, and even the accomplished author may read it with advantage. Mr. Wilson has done good service to literature by this little volume, and we thank him for it.

RELIGION.

The Anglican Church in the Nineteenth Century. Translated from the German of F. UHLEN, by W. C. C. HUMPHREYS, Esq. London, 1844. Hatchard & Son; F. Lover.

THIS is a book which hardly any one but a German would undertake, and none but a German execute, with any degree of success. In addition to the difficulties which always prevent the clear appreciation of any period or state of society by those who are in it and of it, the Englishman is disabled from taking a dispassionate view of the development of the conflicting principles around him by the spirit of partizanship which the struggle for and enjoyment of civil liberty has generated. We bind ourselves to our leaders, we yield to their authority, we defend their errors in particular points even against our inclinations and convictions, fearful lest candour should be regarded by our opponents as a confession of weakness, and an acknowledgment of the hollowness of our principles. Thus unessentials are made the outposts, upon the successful de-

fence of which the whole fate of the battle is supposed to rest. The causes, moral and intellectual, which lead to this result in politics work with still greater force in religion. Proofs need not be given; a moment's consideration will present them to every one. Yet the importance of a just conception of the general principles which are daily and hourly throwing forth their manifestations in events is as self-evident as its difficulty. A work like the present, therefore, by an author who has enjoyed great opportunities for observation, and whose judgment is not warped by party associations, or the secret influence of self-interest, well deserves attentive perusal and consideration. Every one will, of course, find some position clashing with his own opinions; but every one also will obtain from it a clearer insight into the fundamental character of the numerous parties in the religious world, and will be compelled to reflect upon the merits and defects of each. Mr. Uhden can discover evils in May meetings, as well as point out the tendencies of Puseyism. With strict impartiality he does justice to the exertions of the Methodists and Evangelicals, in bringing about the marked change in the tone of religious feeling which has taken place in the last sixty years, and recognizes the peculiar advantages of the Book of Common Prayer, and the fitness of the organization of an Established Church to carry on the work of revival—to direct spiritual and religious interests in a regular and renovating manner to the population. He thus gives his views of the Evangelical movement.

"The religious and ecclesiastical condition of England was about fifty years back one of almost torpor and palsy. The abuses of plurality, non-residence, sale of presentations, etc., which by the ordinary progress of events entirely disappear or are reduced to solitary instances, were then in accordance with the laxity pervading the whole clerical order, which at that time, despite their representation and despite their manifold advantages, possessed but a very slight degree of influence and power. The clergy, as well as other grades and classes of society, were attacked by the epidemic of the day—infinity, which assumed principally the guise of Unitarianism. Attacks upon the divine truths of Christianity were not directed towards an alteration in the relation of the individual (the question of justification being agitated solely in Methodist circles), but were turned towards a departure from firm Christianity in general. The views of morality generally entertained may be gathered from the candour of the most read and most esteemed authors. At this juncture certain members of the church united their endeavours with those made by the Dissenters, who had all through made a stand, to compass the diffusion of the pure doctrine of the gospel. This then was the origin of the title Evangelical. It may appear somewhat remarkable that this party, with so many points of similarity to the Methodists, particularly the whole frame of mind whence it originated, yet did not, like them, separate from the church. But the singularity will disappear when it is borne in mind, that on the one hand some of the leading organs of the church advanced with their assistance towards its renovation, and thus prevented (not as had been half a century previous) another dissent; and, on the other hand, that no second personage appeared on the stage like John Wesley, who could put himself at their head, and prove himself capable to constitute and organize a new creed. What the Methodists attempted, the Evangelical party accomplished—viz. during all their activity to hold the existing ordinances of the church inviolate. These individuals united with the Dissenters in free associations for the diffusion of Bible knowledge, for missions, for the distribution of religious tracts, for support and maintenance. These associations had nothing whatever to do with episcopal jurisdiction, nor with parochial efficiency; the alteration or injury of the existing forms for divine worship was no part of their intention. They acted without any reference to the nature of the various congregations to which individual members were attached; and, as but little stress was laid on the episcopal establishment on the part of the Evangelicals, a certain indifference as to the state existed at the same time, not that there was any desire to repeal the connexion between them. The rallying point of the individual members of the Evangelical party, as well as of the party collectively, was the general acknowledgment of the belief in Christ as the Son of God, and an universal activity in spreading their belief in redemption through Him."

But to the Methodists is, more especially, to be attributed the universal attention now paid to the cure of souls, the enlightenment and instruction of the individual in his own home. All now strive at this, and none, perhaps, so indefatigably as the Puseyites, who yet are loth to admit the effects of the example then set by the Methodists.

Our author says most truly,

"Whilst this same intercourse of the clergyman with the individuals of his congregation was either brought down to a more social footing, or was reduced to its narrowest limits, the church was in serious danger of losing every thing, not only her efficiency, but also the attachment and love of the people. To that generation which was brought up in mere outward acquaintance with the forms and ceremonies of the church, another would have succeeded who would have turned away from her in total ignorance of all concerning her. On this score, therefore, the secession of the Methodists during the last century must be regarded as exceedingly advantageous. It was also from this party that the renovated and zealous publication of Scripture proceeded, offering in this a remarkable contrast to the spiritless, unbelieving preaching of the church; and while thousands were attracted and secured by their means, it was perfectly manifest that such results could never have been attained by the remaining power in the establishment itself, had not this powerful substitute supplied the deficiency in the cure of souls. In their primitive movements the Methodists still retained their respect for the institutes of the church: none but those ordained were permitted to do any thing which usually falls within the province of the clergyman, and those individuals among them who belonged to the clergy, departed in no instance from the prescribed formularies. Afterwards they established those forms under which they carried out their active principles, the dissemination of the Word and cure of souls. In the formation of these latter consists their idiosyncrasy. Originally they did not willingly secede from the church, but in course of time they have become further and further divided from her, and yet are in no wise nearer to the principles of the elder dissent. We may rather esteem their constitution strictly clerical; the congregations have no part in the regulation of the church, and in the choice of their pastors they enjoy no greater privileges than in the Episcopal church. What first gave shape to this important and influential party, and gave consistency to that shape, was its activity in its pastoral jurisdictions. Their congregational subdivisions for mutual encouragement and advice are an ordinance for the cure of souls quite peculiar to themselves. In these subdivision assemblies, technically called class meetings, consisting of ten or twelve persons, each individual gives an account of the condition of his soul. There must of necessity be a great sacrifice of selfish feelings; but the practicability of such regulations is proved by the lively desire evinced for this species of religious intercourse, which must necessarily be attended with considerable obstacles, emanating from the necessity of making these individual disclosures. Much may be particularized savouring of abuse, and somewhat of self-delusion may unquestionably be united with it: the principles must however be deemed as of some consequence, since they are maintained by a religious sect who are owners of about 3,000 chapels."

His remarks upon the deep-rooted moral power of our national character are just, and at the same time calculated to raise us to the most strenuous exertions to carry on this holy flame to future generations, to spread sound and healthful education among the myriads who throng our towns, amid all the exciting influences necessarily arising from our state of society, or pine in ignorance in our rural districts. In some portions of his work Mr. Uhden has not gone so fully into the subject as he might have done, but it is the best work we have seen upon the subject.

FICTION.

Aus der Gesellschaft Novelle von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. (From Society. By Countess HAHN-HAHN.) Berlin.*

THE present state of things would, indeed, have excited wonder some years since, for who then would have expected to read articles in the *Quarterly* coming from female writers, or to see, in two women, the chief continental novelists?

Madame Hahn-Hahn and George Sand stand at the head of their respective countries for brilliancy of invention and power of writing. In Sweden, also, we have become acquainted with an authoress of more simplicity, but scarcely inferior influence in her peaceful and undisputed path, forming, together, a triumvirate of genius, of which our age may well be proud. Among the various opinions of Madame Hahn-Hahn's merits, all seem to agree in regarding her appearance as an era in German literature.

None since Goethe and Tieck have ventured to follow the bent of their own minds, undisturbed by fears of proving eccentric, or by some phantom of

perfection in another's writings, producing, consequently, little else but plausible, or, at the best, clever imitations. We have heard comparisons drawn between our present subject and Madame Du Devant, in our opinion, unjustly. Circumstances in one or two cases have chanced to give them a similarity, inasmuch as both were unhappily married, and both are now separated from their husbands. But in their works, the only resemblance we can discover lies in the fact of both writing on the sentiment and passion of love, and making it the sole foundation of their theory of human life. How far this is the case remains to us a question; but nothing can be more distinct than their separate treatment of the same subject.

In strength of intellect, knowledge of human nature, and genuine philosophy, Madame Du Devant, we imagine, stands many degrees beyond her celebrated contemporary; while, again, there are a few points of detail where we must prefer the feminine grace and delicacy of Madame Hahn-Hahn. But still George Sand remains unquestionably the higher; and we confess to have been no little surprised at seeing lately that a celebrated journal of our country "was not prepared to say whether she was, altogether, an immoral writer." Altogether! Immoral! We, feeling the usual self-confidence of mankind, venture to pronounce Madame Du Devant altogether moral, and moral to an extent, perhaps, which many of this generation cannot perceive. All genius is necessarily beyond its age. If it does not lead, it can have no followers, and the very fact of leading, we all know to be sufficient to call forth in others the meanest envy and malice. But Providence has granted to genius a shield against these arrows—a shield of indifference (it should not be scorn), which is all-powerful to defend, in proportion as the treasure is sacred. None but weak and sickly Keats, graceful though they be, die of review-wounds.

Madame Hahn-Hahn aims at less than George Sand; her object being to convince us of the almost complete independence of the mind and heart from external influences, reducing, thereby, all unhappiness, and all failures of success in the attainments of our objects, to a failure or want in the original impulse or will, namely, ourselves. This doctrine applied, as she applies it, to what are commonly termed affairs of the heart, becomes doubtless peace-giving to those who are seeking it, since nothing can be more consoling to any one than the power of avoiding misery; but at the same time she acknowledges we are all eminently changeable and fickle, and for this, offers but the one remedy—perpetual watchfulness.

George Sand, on the contrary, ascribes almost every evil in ourselves, and out of ourselves, to the dreadful state of marriage laws. But, like many others, she complains without, that we are aware of, offering a practical remedy. Miss Martineau, in one of her admirable works, observes that since the creation, man has endeavoured to discover some system whereby genuine peace may be established between woman and her master, and hitherto without success. Ages may prove what can be done, but we will not wander into a question of such deep import. The condition of women is improving, and must continue to improve, and we trust before long to behold our own country women freed, or freeing themselves, from some points of conventional folly, disgraceful to the common sense of any nation. A young lady cannot receive a letter from a gentleman without its previously undergoing the maternal inspection, and we absolutely know of cases in which such accidental epistles are enclosed to the damsel's parents. On the same principle no young woman is permitted to walk without a chaperon, when they alone have rendered it questionable for a person to be seen alone. The evil and the remedy lie within themselves. But to return to our subject. Our readers may wish to represent Madame Hahn-Hahn more nearly to their mind's eye, by means of some personal description; and in the same feeling with which she pictures so minutely the dresses of her characters, we will proceed to give some slight idea of her appearance. There is but little of the picturesque which one would so readily imagine such a delightful writer to be. We find her, in figure, too tall, in face strongly ruddy, and suffering from the loss of an eye, but all unite in describing her conversation as most charming, shewing herself truly the cultivated woman. To class her works among novels conveys an imperfect notion of their contents, which she herself exclaims against; they contain too little incident and too

* When we review works from the original, the English title will always be added, as here.

much dialogue, being, in fact, vehicles for imparting sentiments and opinions which it would be difficult to give forth in any other manner. Each tale consists of the history of two or three distinct couples, their blessings and their miseries, which are slightly blended together in the few incidents that may occur, and those few are generally to be found at the close of the volume, where the several characters unite in forming a general catastrophe. It may be more interesting if we select a couple from "Aus der Gesellschaft," and follow their fortunes here and there, instead of taking extracts from less connected parts of the narrative:—

"Of all the lovely women of Vienna, the Countess Regina was indeed the loveliest. Three years since, she had been left the widow of an old and wealthy man, whose name she had borne with blameless reputation. No man of her acquaintance could boast of even the slightest evidence of her preference. At the age of two-and-twenty, in the full bloom of youth and incomparable beauty, she stood alone, calm and indifferent in the midst of society at once brilliant and corrupted. Over her large brown eyes the full eyelids hung down so peacefully that little of them could be seen, and her quiet, gentle laugh gladdened every heart, because it was as joyful as that of a child—of an angel. Only those who observed her attentively remarked that at times, rarely, but then rapidly, her glance or her smile fell here or there with a changing, fascinating expression—but upon whom? That, no one could discover. Regina possessed no individual quality equal to her beauty, if we except her vanity, and both were overbalanced by the utter coldness of her heart. So lived the countess, deceiving all men, out-shining all women, and passing for the most perfect of her sex.

"In the power of this Circe fell Polydor, with his young heart, his open eyes, his excitable mind. Easily enchanted by female beauty, he sank down before Regina, as before a goddess. But she was not contented with such worship; Polydor was to her something new, strange, and, consequently, interesting. At first she merely sat to him for her bust, because it was the fashion, and because some friends asked it of her; but as she saw and heard more of him, and discovered his mind to be really beyond his equals, so she desired the more ardently that he should raise himself to some distinction, knowing it to be the wish of his own heart, and because she considered every thing extraordinary as her own peculiar property, which she might direct according to her inclination; and with these ideas she began to weave her chains around him. The last few years had been for Polydor so rich, so elevating, had revealed to him such a new and brilliant world, that he found no leisure to allow his heart to be enflamed by even the most alluring of bright Italian eyes. What he desired in his future beloved he knew not, because no one knows, but at least—all, at least a large, warm, entire heart,—and then I will give her mine," thought he, "all without reserve."

Polydor calls upon the countess one evening with her portrait.

"In a few moments Regina entered, dressed in rose-coloured gauze, a bouquet of roses in her hand, her black hair encircled with a golden chain fastened upon the forehead by a large diamond. She looked like Aurora crowned with the morning star. The light flowing drapery and a rose scarf falling over her shoulders, fluttered around her like a cloud, in which with her flying step she seemed to be approaching him. The scent of the roses, doubly charming as ice and snow covered the earth, and the perfumes, which, in France and Germany, are considered signs of elegance, in Rome are utterly abhorred, and are thought unbearable by every English woman, spread a delicate atmosphere around her, as around a holy picture in a temple. Polydor stood as if enchanted, spoke not a word, but gazed upon her."

"Regina looked at him, but she beheld nothing beyond the curling brown hair and smooth young forehead. She almost felt compassion for him. Her good genius, for a moment, strove to warn her against the deep evil she was committing. But her glance fell upon his hand, and upon a torquoise ring which she saw there. The ring had been given him by a woman, not as a present, but indeed as a keepsake—a forget-me-not. From that moment all her compassion vanished.

"Do you believe," she asked, "that the torquoise becomes pale, when the giver of a ring, such as that you wear, becomes faithless to the receiver?"

"I never heard it before; but, like all thoughts which nature calls forth in sympathy with human fate, it is beautiful."

"I believe it is for this reason that lovers always select the stone."

"I received it my last birthday from the guardian angel of my life. The stone, she said, brings good fortune, so take it from me."

"She! who is that?" asked Regina eagerly."

"Thus lived Polydor, enchanted by the fascination of the countess, joyful,

blessed, and full of hope. There is something very wonderful in love. Otto, the philosopher, full of knowledge of human nature and deep reflection, ever beside the noble-minded Elda, who never dreamt of veiling her pure though proud heart, from whose whole being love sprang unconsciously like the perfume from the rose, Otto never ventured to feel a moment's confidence in Elda's affection, because it would be more happiness than he felt he deserved; and Polydor to the same degree penetrated by the heaven of his love, mirrored before him in those beautiful false eyes, had never yet been disturbed by a doubt that Regina wholly shared his feelings."

At length he becomes dissatisfied that she has given him no positive assurance of her affection, and, tormented by his passion, he goes to her, trusting to find some relief in her society. Seeing his agitation, Regina inquires the cause.

"Promise me not to be displeased if I speak," asked Polydor, raising his head.

"I am used to be patient with you," she answered mildly.

"He remained kneeling; but, at length, and breathing deeply, he looked into her eyes, and said earnestly, 'Give me your hand.'"

"Willingly," she replied, with great indifference.

"Then he added, 'Now give me a kiss, and say, I love you, Polydor.'"

"Upon my word you are too childish," returned the countess, as indifferently as before.

"I am in earnest, Regina; it must, it shall be; I will not leave you until I have my wish."

"Ah!" exclaimed Regina, with unfeigned astonishment. Until this moment she had maintained her negligent attitude upon the chaise longue. But now she raised herself, and leaned forward, in expectation of what would follow; but he merely repeated—

"I am in earnest."

"You must be aware I do not like any such demonstrations," she answered coldly.

"Such demonstrations!" interrupted he warmly; but restraining himself, he continued with calmness:—

"You know how I love you. From the first hour I saw you I have shewn it, by every word, every action. Yes, every action," he repeated, seeing her look inquiringly at him. "Have I not trusted in you; have I not thrown my whole heart at your feet, and opened my whole soul to you? and in both you have found nothing but your own image, and I have never asked in return what image dwells deepest in yours. I do believe in you, for I believe no woman can be unmoved by true love; or I believe if she be unmoved, she would, at least, be noble enough to say so openly. But you have met my affection with perfect friendliness,—only you have never spoken. Then let me, for the first time, hear the only word wanting to my happiness."

"Women do not willingly speak so freely," she answered evasively. "Why do you doubt me?"

"Because I am a man," cried he, with vehemence; "because without some deep, firm, holy surety, I cannot endure this existence. But if you will not speak, give me your soul yet more sweetly, more blessedly, in one kiss."

"We must not, indeed, speak of any thing of the kind," said she, withdrawing her hand impatiently.

"Polydor stood up and continued, though with exhaustion, 'You know I was once a poor beggar boy, and lay, dying of fatigue and hunger, in the Coliseum; but God sent down one of his angels to me. A woman saved me. Again I am near falling, and God has again sent a messenger to me. Regina, do not reject the call of Heaven, but shew yourself the being behind whom the Creator conceals himself. Save me; give me a token of your love.'"

"Enough," cried Regina, rising hastily; "nothing in the world is more disagreeable to me than such folly."

"Do not use such a word, Regina; not now, when my whole soul burns together in one devouring flame; it has a miserable clang: or use it," he continued, sinking before her, "use it, if you will; but be merciful to me, and give me some token of your love."

"Leave me instantly," she answered indignantly.

"Regina," he cried, beyond himself, "you will not hear my prayer? Then I will have it!"

"I despise you," exclaimed the countess, cold as ice.

"As if electrified, his arms fell down, so that Regina could step back, and again she seated herself carelessly on the chaise longue. Polydor had quitted his kneeling posture, and stood up at his full height before her, but he trembled so violently that the table shook on which his hand rested for support. His features had become sharp and rigid, as if one moment had thrown upon him the effects of years, while they bore an expression of indescribable passion, and the deepest anguish. But with a calm voice and earnest gaze he replied,—

"That certainly alters the matter, Madame; and, bowing low, he left the room."

"Regina drew a long breath, as if a heavy load had fallen from her heart. Heavens! thought she, what a furious creature; I really thought he would have killed me. How fortunate the last word escaped me."

The White Mask. By Mrs. THOMSON. Author of "Widows and Widowers," "Ragland Castle," &c. 3 vols. London, 1844. Bentley.

WHEN lived our good old ancestors? What were the glorious old times? These are questions to which we demand an answer, when we meet with eager declaimers upon the degeneracy and misery of modern times, and we long for the "glittering eye" of the ancient mariner to root them to the spot until they give an answer, or confess themselves in the wrong. Were the Normans—those high-bred pirates—the patterns of perfection? Were the nobles of Stephen's reign gentle and generous? What shall we say of Edward the First, the gallant knight who suspended the Countess of Dunbar in a cage from the walls of Berwick? What of the Black Prince—the mirror of all chivalric virtues—who caused 3,000 men, women, and children to be slaughtered at Limoges? To take a later period, in what colours shall we paint the obsequious gentry and nobles who formed Henry the Eighth's Parliaments? How approve of the intolerance and cruelties practised by both parties during the subsequent religious contests, the absurd strait-lacedness and hypocrisy of the extreme Puritan party, and the unbounded licentiousness of the Cavalier? The fact is, that these admirers of the past,—like Zeuxis when painting his Helen—from a number of examples select the best feature in each, and thus form an imaginary whole, which is admired the more intensely because it is but the creation of their own minds.

One of these phases of our national character—phases past, never, we trust, to return—is portrayed in the "White Mask." Mrs. Thomson has laid the scene of this, her last, and what will be one of her most successful novels, at the end of the seventeenth century, that period when political virtue was at its lowest ebb, and the honesty of the English character seemed sunk for ever. The period that followed the glorious revolution of '88, was so debased, that did we consider it as a legitimate result of that Revolution, the epithet "glorious," would cease to be applicable.

The hypocrisies, the base intrigues, the twistings and turnings of those who aped the name of statesmen in the reign of William and Mary, were as disgraceful as they were nearly becoming disastrous to the country. The Godolphins, the Whartons, the Sunderlands, the Russells, the Marlboroughs—made no longer a pretence of principle. Whigs one day, Tories the next, Jacobites in their secret letters, while attending the levees of William; their general character cannot be better shewn than by the declaration of the Duke of Shrewsbury: "Had I a son, I would sooner breed him a cobbler than a courtier, a hangman than a statesman."

There were, indeed, a few staunch adherents to the exiled James, and the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the once beautiful Frances Jennings—the White Mask—was one of these. Mrs. Thomson has adopted the story told by Horace Walpole that this skilful and devoted intriguer once disguised herself as a milliner, and kept one of the shops near the New Exchange, where the Adelphi now stands, and has skilfully made the political schemes of the day subservient to the display of the characters of her real hero and heroine, Joscelyne de Clare and Lady Amy. Any attempt to give the minutiae of such complicated state intrigues as were then carried on would require the peculiar genius of a Fouché or Talleyrand, and when given, would be out of place in a novel. Our authoress has, however, enabled the reader to judge of the spirit of the times without wearying him with details, and shrouded her story with that interest which will carry him irresistibly from the beginning to the end. Frances Jennings had withstood the admiration and billets-doux of James when Duke of York, and even treated him with the contempt he deserved, but she was now willing to risk every thing, in the hope of restoring him to his throne. Her character is portrayed to the life. Her petulance, caprice, and heedlessness, are ever placing her in difficulties, from which her pride, her readiness and acuteness, rescue her.

But the real interest of the story turns upon the sudden and unexplained refusal of Joscelyne de Clare to wed the beautiful and noble-minded Lady Amy, under the pretence that the disgrace of her

grandmother, the famed, or infamous, Duchess of Cleveland, cannot be forgotten. This is announced by his crafty, cold-blooded, and smooth-tongued brother Gilbert, and we feel convinced that such is not the real cause. The character of Joscelyne—generous, pure-hearted, magnanimous, forbids us to believe it, and Amy, even when all her depth of womanly pride is roused by supposed slights and insults, cannot still the whisperings of her affection, that it is not so. The devious course of events, the wiles of Gilbert, who reminds us somewhat of Rashleigh, in "Rob Roy," and the misfortunes of her family, try the strength of the hidden affection which each still bears to the other—

"They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder,
A dreary sea 'long' flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Can wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

One of their incidental meetings, the cause of which Amy little knows, is thus touchingly described:—

"Amy bent her head down over the fainting and wounded sufferer for some moments. She gasped, and could not speak. 'How is it with you, Joscelyne?' she whispered at last gently, and she took his hand. 'Shrink not from me!' she added, letting it drop from her the moment afterwards; 'I am not come to reproach you in this your extremity; nor yet—not yet!'—the words seemed to choke her—to disturb you with my presence." She paused—the lip of the wounded man quivered—his eyes were raised for a moment to those of Amy. What a look was that! She kneeled beside him to hear if he had aught to say. But he spoke not. 'Be comforted,' she whispered tenderly, 'the servants will be here quickly. My God! who dealt these ghastly wounds?—what traitor—what assassin? Yet think not that you will not soon be healed; you shall have all that skill and care—and—and—that affection can do, dear Joscelyne!'

"She wept as she spoke. The tenderness of a once true affection—how hardly is it crushed!—how soon revived!

"She bent over him, timorously; she placed her soft hand on that loved brow; she put back the long hair which fell and mingled with the coagulated blood. 'Are you very faint? You shall have water anon—you shall be quiet, and your wounds shall be dressed, and you will soon be easier. Oh, how we shall tend you! Shall I leave you to hasten them?' She took his hand again as she spoke—pride, resentment—vows of forgetfulness!—how were they forgotten at that moment!

"No! do not leave me!" The word was uttered with earnestness, yet, in a moment afterwards, the hand of Joscelyne was withdrawn—the sufferer turned away his face.

"He has learned to hate me!" was the bitter reflection of Amy, as she averted her face to hide the bitter tears. She turned again to look upon the face, ever so fondly pictured in the memory of the heart. In an instant, pride, resentment, every personal feeling, was forgotten. Joscelyne had fainted—his cheek was of an ashy hue—his eyes were closed; and Amy, overwhelmed, sank on the ground beside him.

"She knew not how long, nor how, she watched by that pale face, and stiff, motionless form. She could never recall all she had suffered at that time—she could never analyse the feelings that then possessed her; and yet there was some soothing sweetness mixed in that cup of sorrow. She was near him; it was for her to chafe the cold hand, and raise the head, to whisper words of comfort and assurances of aid, unconscious as she was, in the extremity of the moment, that they were unheard. She was aroused from a state bordering on distraction by the arrival of the servants—by their voices, their inquiries, their condolences, their consultations as to the best mode of carrying the wounded man into the house. The feelings which were tenderly interested had overpowered Amy; they now gave her strength and presence of mind. She proved the depth of her affections by the sudden recovery, for the one loved object, of all that woman's fortitude ensures in difficulty. Her energies rose with the occasion."

The inferior actors in the story are drawn with spirit and vigour. The neat, matter-of-fact Barbara, reasoning, inquiring, and summing-up all day, rational to a nuisance—right to the provoking point, and as disagreeable as people always in the right are: the angular Mrs. McConnek, who turns a visit for a month into a visit of five years, with her hordes of tall Irish cousins, and in strict character, give us a little too much of her company: the would-be fashionable Lady Betty; the honourable old Lord Castlemaine, and the dull agriculturist, his successor, add variety while they set off the main characters. Besides these, however, Mrs. Thomson has with much ingenuity introduced upon her stage many about whom we cannot fail to take

a lively interest—Colley Cibber, John Dryden (the apocryphal story of whose funeral we are sorry to see again repeated), the fair Mrs. Oldfield, the inimitable comic actor Wilks, Lord Mohun, and the Duke of Hamilton, who fell in the Hyde Park duel, and others of a far different character, Baxter and Somers. Above all, our attention is fixed on the comic dramatist Farquhar, whose hopeless love is so simply told, and whose death is one of the most affecting incidents in literary history. The interview between him and Lady Amy, just before his death, when he reveals to her the secret cause of the estrangement of the devoted Joscelyne, is admirably given. We will not lessen the pleasure our readers will derive from a perusal of the "White Mask" by telling what that secret was, but we cannot refrain from quoting the passage at length.

"I could have justified Joscelyne, but I abstained."

"And why?" asked Amy, forgetting, in the bitterness of the moment, all but years of sorrow; "why did you so?"

"She arose as she spoke, and stood opposite to Farquhar; a peculiar, a sad expression, as his eyes were upraised to hers, remained on his countenance. The question was answered, but it was answered without a word.

"You forgive me?" said Farquhar at last, falteringly; 'I was a dependant, a creature of your grandfather's bounty; but I had feelings like the happier and the worthier.—I never presumed to hope,' he added, in a low tone; 'it was enough for me to love.'

"Dear Farquhar," exclaimed Amy, kneeling beside him, and kissing the emaciated hand which she took; 'my poor friend! We can never trust ourselves to speak on these things again.'

"She bowed her head down upon her hands, and remained for some moments struggling with the various feelings too strong and yet too delicate for utterance.

"I shall see you to-morrow," she exclaimed, arising and hurrying to the door. There, for some time, she stood irresolute. As she turned to Farquhar, the face before so troubled was placid; a sweet smile lighted up even the haggard countenance; the heart was disburdened of a secret; a wrong had been atoned for; a debt to a fellow-mortal discharged; one item in the great account of wrong which every man has done to man was effaced; conscience, the mighty ruler of our happiness, was appeased; and Amy silently withdrew. When next she looked upon that wan face, it was clay cold—hushed were the feelings which had disturbed the slumberer ere death had ended all his self-upbraidings."

It will easily be supposed that with these materials Mrs. Thomson has also given a lively sketch of the manners of the period, when "dukes at Marybone bowled time away," and "Hectors" and "Mohawks" prowled the streets for midnight riots and robberies, and rendered Piccadilly as dangerous as Finchley Common.

The state of society and manners was indeed most singular, just subsequent to the open profligacy of Charles the Second's court, and before Addison and his contemporaries had commenced their attempts to purify and refine the surface at least, and so pave the way for a more lasting improvement. We have not now time or space to go into this interesting subject, but a very good insight may be obtained from the incidental circumstances and characters in the "White Mask," at the same time there is nothing to offend the most delicate mind. For the amusement of our fair readers we will give one sketch of the costume of the frequenters of the fashionable gardens of Marylebone.

"There was the peer with full-curl'd wig, still *au naturel*, amid the elderly men, whilst their modish juniors had begun to friz and powder, after the fashion of the prince of perruquiers, Louis the Fourteenth;—their tradesmen and upper servants, be it remembered, wore only the bob-wig or the tie, or even the scratch. There was the jewelled hand of Halifax with a pinch of snuff betwixt his fingers, his white wrist garnished with a ruffle of delicate point, and when his fair hand rested in his waistcoat pocket, it touched nothing less than costly satin garded with gold lace. His solicitor, mind you, had his plain cambrie ruffle, his drab or chocolate-coloured single-breasted coat—a large silver buckle might grace his broad-toed shoe, and a white silk stocking sit well on his leg (a member on which much account was placed—men have no legs now); and sometimes the good man, rising in the world, might venture upon the atrocity of diamond knee-buckles. He always sported a sixpenny-sized medallion ring on his third finger; but, and if he were a prudent man, he lived and died in his scratch-wig, drab coat, paste knee-buckles, and square toes. Then the ladies!—To the higher classes was confined the privilege and distinction of patches, an article at this time first introduced into the toilets of our coun-

trywomen, yet not then arrived at that importance which it attained when party feuds ran high; for then the patch became the signal-post of the politician—the Whig ladies patched on the right side, the Tories on the left, and those of the Aristocracy, who wished to preserve neutrality, patched indifferently. Such were the follies of the succeeding century. At the time to which I refer, the ladies patched upon the usual principle, to enslave the heart of man."

Mrs. Thomson's passing observations upon character are also apt and piquant; such as those on the morality of door-shutters, or the following hit at the rational and steady age of forty.

"I believe it, in man and woman, to be a most irrational, if not unsteady age. Let us put women on one side; but, in respect to men, it forms a sort of crisis. It is an age when, unless they make haste, they must take leave of love and marriage (at least of love and marriage together). We all know how much our affections are revived by leave-takings, and last looks are generally the most expressive of all. A man of forty generally makes a last attempt—a final plunge—he dips at least into the waters of hope, before he gives himself up for ever to politics or the bottle—to cattle, and the improvement of land—to cards, or to taking care of himself, and going into the pleasing variety of hypocondriacism—a very, very common alternative after forty has passed quietly by."

Critics are said to be anxious to pick a hole if they can, and we must conclude, therefore, by remarking an excusable blunder which Mrs. Thomson has fallen into, in supposing that a bond given by a minor could ever be enforced at law. By a very slight alteration of the story, this error, which is several times repeated, would be avoided, and as this promises to be a successful novel, that alteration will, no doubt, be made in the second edition.

The Light Dragon. By the Author of the "Subaltern," &c. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Colburn.

MR. GLEIG is a personage whom it is impossible to approve. Originally a military man, when his arm was no longer needed for fighting, he devoted his pen to narrating his warlike adventures, and then he entered the church, and took upon him the office of preacher of the Gospel of Peace. To such a change there could be no objection, provided it be sincere. We can well imagine a man to be so disgusted by his experience of war as to fly with horror and remorse from a profession which requires of him to be the active agent in the performance of deeds denounced by religion, abhorrent to morality, and hateful in the sight of God, and thenceforth to dedicate his days to the task of warning his fellow-men against the crimes he had witnessed and shared, to lifting up his voice incessantly against whatever savoured of war, as a violation of the commands of Christianity, and to preach, by right of his holy office, a crusade against the prejudices and passions of mankind which issue in the practical infidelity exhibited by those who promote war by their sanction, or take part in it in their persons.

But Mr. GLEIG is not such a man, nor can we understand his Christianity. He has quitted the ranks, it is true, but he is still actively engaged in the service. We do not hear that he ever preaches against war, and we are quite sure that he never writes against it. On the contrary, the direct tendency of all his publications is, to spread a warlike spirit, to present the crime in its most attractive aspects, and kindle young and ardent imaginations into approval of deeds denounced by the religion he professes.

Now, it appears to us that the works which have proceeded from Mr. Gleig's pen are altogether inconsistent with the character and office of a Christian clergyman, and it is with a shudder that upon the title-page the eye turns from the name of the book to the *Reverend* prefixed to the name of the author. Such are not the themes for a minister of the Gospel; and they are calculated to inflict serious injury upon the cause of religion through the scandal brought upon it by the advertisements thrust into the public eye, of military books written by a Christian clergyman, whose express commission it is to teach the wickedness of war, and the duty of peace and good-will to men.

With this protest against the entire class of works that has gone forth to the public under the sanction of the Reverend Mr. Gleig, we must say of the one which he has just published, and the title of which heads this article, that if the reader can forget the source from which it comes, he will reap from it a great deal of amusement.

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The Light Dragoon is a stirring tale of adventure by field and flood, painting in vivid colours the perils and pleasures of a soldier's life. Few who take it up will fail to read it to the end, and we can recommend it to those who seek a pleasant book to wile away a cold evening, without demanding any exercise of thought. It is certainly better than a second-class novel, and very well adapted for such book-clubs as vary their selections with the lighter wares of literature.

Chronicles of the Bastille. Parts I. to III. London. Newby.

A SUBJECT more rich than this in the materials of romance the novelist could not have discovered in the entire range of history. There is not enough of the work completed to permit a judgment to be formed of the capacity of the author to do justice to his theme, but from the brief specimen before us we are inclined to deem favourably of his abilities, and to anticipate a work in merit considerably above the average of modern fiction. In obedience to the fashion which would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," inasmuch as it is somewhat of the stalest, he has introduced the tales of which the volume is to be composed by a story in which he ascribes their origin to a mysterious visit paid to him by the Old Man of the Bastille, who thus mystically opens a dialogue: "Thou art the first human being to whom I have opened my lips since the siege of the Bastille, and art the last of the race that shall hear the voice of one who has long been but a walking shadow on the face of the earth." After a brief account of his birth, parentage, and education, he places in the author's hands a bundle of papers, the records of what he had beheld while holding the office of turnkey in the famous prison. From that manuscript were compiled these *Chronicles of the Bastille*.

This introduction is sufficiently common-place, it must be owned, but the story that follows is more interesting; it is entitled *THE BERTANDIERE*.

We have a strong suspicion that the work is a translation from the French; if it be not so, the author is deeply imbued with the spirit of French literature, and intimately acquainted with France, her people, their manners, customs, language, and turn of thought. The narrative is told in a more lively strain than we are wont to encounter in purely English fictions; the tale seldom halts—the dialogue never. The style of the composition is certainly not of the purest, and the writer would do well to correct in future numbers much of the tautology and inelegancies in the collocation of his words which are visible here and there, falling harshly upon the ear of the reader. The prose is illustrated by the pencil of ROBERT CRUIKSHANK, who has performed his task in a very spirited manner, some of the sketches almost equalling in effect the famous illustrations of "Oliver Twist" by his brother George. When the work has further advanced, we shall be enabled more satisfactorily to offer an opinion upon it. So far as it has proceeded, we are certainly pleased with it.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Studies of Sensation and Event; Poems. By EBENEZER JONES. Pp. 203. London, 1843. C. Fox.

It is with reluctance, almost amounting to aversion, that we open a volume of poems for the purpose of review. As we turn page after page, and book after book, the pile which the press monthly issues for the benefit of the grocer and the trunkmaker, the same monotonous mediocrity presents itself—verses mechanically correct in sound, but wholly wanting in sense—varied occasionally by a brochure, deficient equally in metre, rhyme, and reason, and which is verily a relief from the dull uniformity of its compeers, just as ugliness is more agreeable than inexpressive features of the most faultless form.

In such a mood we had set ourselves to the performance of the task imposed upon THE CRITIC of inspecting some half-dozen volumes of lately-published poetry, when, upon opening one of them chancewise, we were startled from the slumberous tranquillity produced by the

dulness of the work in which we were engaged by the following—

PLEA FOR LOVE OF THE UNIVERSAL.
"Nay, minstrel! love! and all things round thee moving,
Shall utter heavenly music, smile thee light;
For mighty is the loveliness of loving;
To endure the loved with joy; and joy makes bright;
O love then! love!"

Love magnifies existence; love the world,—
Thy soul shall grow world-great in its sensation;
And 'neath the blaze of infinite life unfurled,
Pant with the passion of a whole creation.
O love then! love!

For thine own heart's sake, love! the unloving mind,
Unemanating light, no light receiveth;
Tomb of itself, unable rest to find,
Buried alive, it low and wildly grieveth.
O love then! love!

Why sayest thou, 'Love not, for the loved may die!'
Reasoning inadequate!—because trees wither,
Do suns cease shining! though one loved thing fly,
Sends it not others love desiring hither?
O love then! love!

And thy warning, 'Love not, for the loved may change,'
Discrediteth love, that never a fee requires;
Happy in loving, though all—all be strange,
Its flame still burns, itself feeds still its fires;
O love then! love!

Love is that act, which maketh rich in giving;
Passion of soul which wasteth not, nor paineth;
Battled for, prayed for, wept for, by all living;
Dwelling most in him, who most of happiness gaineth;
O love then! love!"

Again we read it, and again. "There is poetry here," we soliloquized; "the voice of genius speaks in these stanzas—imperfectly, falteringly, but audibly. The mind that thus hath uttered its deep thoughts hath thoughts more deep to which it cannot yet give words, but which, as time and practice make it strong to conceive and vigorous to express, it will assuredly send forth to swell the grand chorus of song, that from the beginning of the world has been gathering and proclaiming to man that God has endowed him with faculties more divine than those demanded by the cares of life, and the encouragement of which is no less a duty, because a part of the scheme of creation—a gift entrusted to him by heaven that it may be cultivated,—an account of which will be demanded of him hereafter;—designed by the Creator to save him from becoming all too worldly in his thoughts and feelings. Now in this time of extreme depression of poetry in our land, who will not hail with delight the advent of one having a spark of the divine fire glowing within him, albeit, speaking in a rude, uncultured tone? We, at least, will welcome him, not so much for his performance as for his promise; not for the greatness achieved, but by the "all hail hereafter!"

With eagerness we turned to other parts of this volume, hoping that the first impression would be confirmed by further acquaintance. Nor were we disappointed. Everywhere we found the footprints of genius. No smooth-sounding nothings—no mawkish sentimentalities—no servile imitations offended. Faults there were, many and palpable; inelegancies of language, harsh rhymes, dissonant metres, some affectations both of sentiment and words; not unfrequently vagueness is mistaken for profundity and mysticism substituted for thought; but these are errors which age will correct, which friendly criticism has but to indicate to ensure their avoidance, and many of which have proceeded, we suspect, from an over-anxiety to appear, as well as to be, original. For the future let Mr. JONES content himself with being original in idea; it is unnecessary to make the world believe it by coining original words.

Mr. JONES has studied in the German school, and brought away with him no small portion of its besetting sins; he makes sad havoc with the Queen's English, hacking and hewing, decomposing and recomposing it without mercy, and often he loses his meaning in the mazes of his language. But he may boast that he has a meaning, which most of modern rhymers have not; and though it be sometimes vague enough, it is often brought out with a majestic grandeur that proves what he can do, and affords rich promise of the grander things yet to be done.

What, for instance, can be more classical in conception and execution than

A FAGAN'S DRINKING CHAUNT?
"Like the bright white arm of a young god, thrown
To the hem of a struggling maiden's gown;
The torrent leaps on the kegs of stone,
That held this wine in the dark gulf down;
Deep five fathoms it lay in the cold;
The afternoon summer heats heavily weigh;
This wine is awaiting in flagons of gold,
On the side of the hill that looks over the bay.
There a bower of vines for each one bends,
Under the terracing cedar trees;
Where, shut from the presence of foes or friends,
He may quaff and couch in lonely ease;
The sunshine slants past the dark green cave;
In the sunshine, the galleys before him will drowse;
And the roar of the town, like a far-travelled wave,
Will faintly flow in to his calm carouse.
No restless womanhood frets the bower,
Exact, and fawning, and vain, and shy;
But a beautiful boy shall attend the hour,
And silently low in the entrance lie;
As he silently reads the scrolls that tell,
The cyprian's loves, and the maiden's dreams,
His limbs will twine, and his lips will swell,
And his eyes dilate with amorous schemes.
And his yearning limbs, and his sultry mouth,
Will recall to the drinker his own youth's prime;
When there seemed crowding round from east, west,
and south,
Countless sleek limbs of women with capturing mime.
And he'll mourn for youth, and he'll deem more dear
This cool bright wine;—to our bowers, away!
And nothing will witness the sigh or the tear.
On the side of the hill that looks over the bay."

The picture is perfect, full of colour, and distinct in its individuality. There is the presence of power in every line.

COLERIDGE might not have been ashamed to claim the authorship of such a composition as the

ODE TO THOUGHT.

"Whether you make futurity your home,
Spirits of thought!
Or past eternity;—come to me, come!
For you have long been sought:
I've looked to meet you in the morning's dawn,
Often, in vain;
I've followed to her haunts the wild young fawn;
Through sunshine, and through rain,
I have waited long and fondly; surely you will come,
Familiarly as doves returning to their home.
Oh! I have need of you; if you forsake
My troubled mind,
Whence can it strength and consolation take,
Or peace or pleasure find?
For the great sake of the eternal spring
Of all your might,—
Unto me desolate, some comfort bring;
Unto me dark, some light:
Come crowdingly, and swift, that I may see,
Upon your wings their native radiance.
I know that ye must have a glorious dwelling:—
Whether it rise
Past mortal ken, where the old winds are swelling
Choir'd cries;
Whether, like eagles on some lunar mountain
Ye fold your wings;
Or sport beside that rosy and tranquil fountain,
Whence daylight springs;
I know your home is beautiful, and this belief
Brings glowing sunshine through the cloud nest of grief.
Come not with softened utterance of the song,
That gushes in your land;
But as ye hear it, undisturbed and strong,
Pour it where now I stand;
A glorious echo these hanging cliffs shall roll
O'er this great sea.
However far it speed shall speed my soul
Thrice lifed with glee;
Will it not lead where I may clearly see,
Countries whose law is love, whose custom, liberty?
There is a noise within this tranquil heaven!
This ocean has a voice!
Through these tall trees a mighty tone is driven,
That bids me to rejoice.
In the clear greenness of these tumbling waters.
I see a face,
Exceeding far in beauty man's pale daughters!
Bright and unwavering grace
Sits round its brows, proclaiming heavenly glory;
Around it leap the waves, roaring to whiteness hoary.
Ye come! ye come! like stars down the dark night,
Boldly leaping!
I hear the mighty rushing of your flight,
Loud music sweeping.
The unconceived splendour of your speed,
Is not more great
Than the oceanic choirs that precede
And tide your state:
Fill me with strength to bear, and power to tell,
The wonders gathering round, that you may love me well."

As a specimen of his blank verse, take the opening of a little poem entitled

INACTIVITY.

"On such a day as this, when songs of birds,
Floating through wide flung windows, upon breezes
Woodbine and clover scented, gently trouble
The happy and basking spirit to desires
For yet more happiness; when the rich hedges
Sleep on the fields so still and sunnily,
That housemen long to go and lie beside them,
In their long grass, hay dry, and poppy thronged,
To make companions of the grasshoppers,

And sleepily dream towards the insect motives
Impelling their quick leaps,—who has not taken
His country staff, unto the household saying,
'I go to seek if of the flowers of spring
One violet be left,' and quietly strolled
Lonesomely out unto the fields and trees,
Entering upon the broad brown waving meadows,
As a sea-fowl giving herself unto the sea,
When its waves are calm; and then beneath some hedge,
Yieldingly lain himself in pleasant languor:
Letting his head fall deep amidst the hay,
His eyelids shutting out the external world,
His mind considering nothing, pleasantly powerless;
Or if perchance a stray thought steals to it,
'Tis of its own tranquillity.

The sunshine of this summer afternoon,
Not in my parlour entered; but abroad
Copiously as ever, it everywhere dwelt;
Surrendering itself up unto each tree,
To be spilled about on all the leaves and twigs,
Sleeping in all the secret crevices
Of the rich rose; broad o'er the sweeping hills,
The swelling meadows, and the spangled gardens,
Benignantly outspread. I gazed, and gazed:
I gave a moment to encase my books,
And I was in the sunshine, and my blood
Sprang at its greeting. I was in the fields,
And up around me sprang the larks, like rockets
On a jubilee day:—a bank of sand surmounting.
I stepped into a wood, with pleasant care,
Opening the twining branches, that imposed
Desirable hindrance; angrily screamed
A swiftly darting thrush on before me;
Two bees adown the narrow pathway flew,
And a bewildered butterfly; I stayed,
To joy in the delicious noise of leaves,
In the fresh earthy smells;—I wandered on,
Passed the slow pacing pheasant and the jay,
Who would not let me leave him, but still followed
With his harsh scream. And now I reached an opening,
A short turfied lawn, that fenced by silvery stems
Of circling beeches, seemed a quiet home.
I entered; flowingly between the trees
Floated the blackbird's strains; they paused, I paused;
Raising in sympathy to the tranquil heaven,
My tranquil thought; like a great eye it shone,
It seemed to bend in love; I gazed, and gazed;
Its looks sank nearer me; I gasped, I fell,
Panting to be embraced up by the heaven,
As virgin womanhood for love's caress;
My soul close clung to that far stretching glory,
'Neath which I reeled; it stretched there undisturbed
By tower or boundary, and my tranced spirit
Passively drank in its elysian calm."

Here are visible all the faults we have noted,
but so mingled with beauties, that we forgive
the former for the sake of the latter.
Sweet in its sentiment, tasteful in its telling,
is the little anecdote of

FEMININE GOODNESS.

"Soft to her bower the letter came,
Where dreaming bliss she sighed;
And signed by her lover's name
It claims her for his bride;
Like cloudless skies of summer night
One hour before the day,
Where in the east translucent light
Beneath the dark doth play,—
Her eyes well up with beauteous sheen,
For though she knew 'twould come,
'Tis fresh excess of happiness,
To clasp it thus—wise home.
But ere she left the bower there filled
Another light those eyes;
Two crystal tear-drops o'er them thrilled,
And half disguised their skies;
But holier far, than tears of joy,
Than tears of maiden fear,
They started for some gentle boy
Who'd found their glance too dear:—
And, oh! were I her lover, I
Had rather found her now,
Than when her eyes shone bright replies
To my recorded vow."

And there is prettiness, nothing more, in
this

SONG TO A ROSE.

"Beautiful rose! a song for thee,
This shiny month of June;
Thy red buds brighten every tree,
And so my soul in tune,
Would carol thy beauty, star of the wildwood!
Image and joy of careless childhood!
I strive to sing, but my eyes grow dim,
I fray thy leaves away;
And the music sinks to a mournful hymn,
For thy declining day;
How shall I sing thee, star of the wildwood,
Trembling and sad like advancing childhood?
Slower the melody, slacker the string,
Thine heart of hearts I have won;
And the delicate hues of thine innermost ring,
Are stripped, and stained, and—gone;
How shall I sing, star of the wildwood,
Ravished away like the joys of childhood?
Silent the melody, broken the string,—
Thy light is shed for ever,—
Never more may the shower fresh fragrance bring;—
But the spirit would break to say 'Never!'
Fiercely I weep—star of the wildwood!
Utterly lost, like the joys of childhood!"

There are few more graphic passages in
English poetry than this, taken from a strange
story called "the Crisis."

A PICTURE.

"The evening church chimed had dispersed the mowers
From all the fields of toil; the evening sun
Slanted his golden light, as he did lapse
Towards underneath the earth; his light was rayed
So gorgeously upon this sacred meadow,
Its yellow buttercups, its ruby sorrels,
Its milk-white clover, and its cool green grass,
Seemed blended into one rich coloured woof,
Changing in hue, as waved beneath the breeze;—
When leaned therewithin, against its fence,
A form white robed, which the whelming sunshine
Showed to fullest symmetry of woman,
Swelling through girlhood's prime. Fronting the mead
She stood; against the fence her shoulders rest;
Above it gently her head and neck bend back;
Her long brown hair behind her straightly fallen,
Leaves unconcealed her twin-breasted bosom,
Thus raised against her vest; her pertinent feet,
Pressingly side by side, are forward
Into the mead, and planted firmly there;
And from her planted feet, to her fallen back head,
One proud full arch she arches. A large wind
Came o'er the mead, and flagging on her fell,
Weighing her vestments downwards and around."

We conclude with a poem that WORDS-
WORTH might envy despite its manifold faults.
It should be read twice to be fully enjoyed.

EARLY SPRING.

"I always roved the woodlands o'er,
In the early time of spring;
But never had discerned before,
What, seeing now, I sing:
So faileth oft the soul to see
The beauty round it rife,
That none may think how sweet would be
Perfectly visioned life.
No young green leaves bedecked the trees,
Only the thrush did sing,
And his song rose not, but did steal,
Timidly whispering.
No flowers did paint the wind-swept meads,
No fragrance skimmed the air;
The sunshine on the ponds shone cold,—
Cold were the paths, and bare.
But the sky was blue with its own soft blue,
And the sunshine pierced the wind,
And would cling to the trunks of the forest kings,
Where the shivering primrose pined:
And there was not a cloud to mar the hope
That shone in the soft blue sky;
And the air was so clear, that the wrinkles of care
Were smiled away from the eye.

When, gazing round me, gentlest rest
Into my soul did flow;
Such rest as summer evening sends,
When labourers homeward go;
I knew not whence this rest could come,—
The air was busy and bright,
And the forest torrent raged along,
Heavily rolling white.

I laid beneath an ancient elm,
Vexed to be made the slave
Of influence I could not see,
Or appropriate, or outbrave;
But as mine eyes did read the boughs
Countlessly o'er me wove,
There came to me even gentler rest,
And then no more I strove;

But passive lay, till I surmised
'Twas the tree that gave the rest;
And I sent my gaze through all his boughs,
With loving and trusting quest:
No leaves were winged, its sprigs and stems,
Countlessly many I saw;
They all did flourish different wise,
Yet none did apart withdraw.

And I noticed they all were rounded soft,
And feathered with buds of down;
And, though hued with the hue of juicy life,
Richly and greenish brown,
That these multitudinous varying boughs,
Unteased with leaves slept still;
Hence cometh my rest, I cried, and rose,
And gazed at each tree-clad hill.

And in bold relief against the sky,
Everywhere round me rose
Innumerable these leafless trees;
And I saw the deep repose—
Not a torpid sleep, but a living rest—
In their soft and nerveless boughs,
Spread betwixt me and that azure heaven,
Whose lustre such vision allows,
And now I maintain that the earliest spring,
Though boasting no scarlet or green,
Hath its own peculiar beauteousness,
In the leafless and moveless trees;
Whose branches sleep in the golden air,
Passively bearing its tide;
Soft with the down of a thousand buds,
Unitedly branching wide."

Congratulating Mr. JONES on his performance, and the public on the appearance of a real poet, we bid him adieu, hoping ere long to meet him again, and earnestly exhorting him, if he be, as we suppose, a young man, to apply himself diligently to weed out the faults and affectations we have noticed, to throw himself boldly upon his own genius for thoughts, and to clothe them in the vest of pure, vigorous English, which he will find sufficiently copious to convey his profoundest imaginings if they be definite, and he may be assured that when

his native language fails him, the fault lies in the vagueness of his own ideas, and not in any incapacity of pure Saxon to embody them.

Love and Jealousy. A Tragedy for the Million.
London, 1844. Spon.

WE could never enjoy the fun of a burlesque drama, because we could not see the wit of it. The tragedy before us, though lively in design, seems to us somewhat dull in execution.

The purpose of the writer is to ridicule the tendencies of the modern drama towards the introduction of the distresses of beggars and the heroism of highwaymen as the themes for tragedy. "I have endeavoured," he says in his preface, "to gratify the inclinations of a London audience of the present day. * * * Tears are no longer drawn in theatres by the misfortunes or sorrows of emperors, kings, nobles, knights, squires, or dames of high degree; but the blighted affections of sentimental housebreakers, the distresses of lovely and lofty-minded servant maids, and the perils of deluded cabmen, arouse our tenderest sympathies." In obedience to the popular taste, our dramatist has selected for the characters of his play a potboy, a dustman, a landlord, a washer-woman and her daughter, and a housemaid. As is the invariable custom at the minor theatres in their travesties, rhyme is preferred to blank verse; and it must be admitted that the author has exhibited considerable proficiency in the mechanical business of metre. In manner it resembles Gay's Pastorals, and *Dustols* and *Lineninda* discourse in what might be termed "the cockney pastoral." But there is wanting in this satire both the breadth of humour and the point of wit necessary to make nonsense endurable. It is nothing more than rhymed prose, the dialogue being profusely interspersed with songs which have no other recommendation than smoothness. If the author wrote for the stage, we cannot flatter him with hope of success from the sort of audience to which only a play of this class could be introduced; for them it is too good and too refined, while it is not perfect enough in design, nor clever enough in execution, to please the better classes, by whom alone, in its printed form, it is likely to be read.

PERIODICALS.

The Precursor of Unity. A Monthly Magazine for the Many. Nos. I. and II. Metcalfe.

WE cannot quite comprehend the purpose of this periodical, or rather the theory which the editor seeks by means of it to disseminate. In his preface he defines it to be "Association upon Christian principles, or the Consolidation of the Interests of Capital, Talent, and Labour, by the assurance to each contributor to the general wealth of an equitably graduated remuneration for his services, and that of a decent and comfortable subsistence to all."

This is, we presume, but another phase of the Socialist system, which, however benevolent and plausible in design, has entirely failed in practice, because it did not take into account the weaknesses and vices of humanity. So with the *Precursor*. Undoubtedly it would be desirable that each should have his equitable share of the common wealth. But so long as some men are stronger, more wise, or more cunning than others, they will secure to themselves the lion's share, nor will they be deterred by such amiable pleadings as those put forth in this periodical. We admire its purpose, but we question its practicability.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF FRANCE.—We find, by an analysis of a catalogue of the periodical literature published in Paris in January of this year, which is appended to the monthly catalogue of Messrs. Dulau and Co., Foreign Booksellers, of Soho-square, that our lively neighbours exceed us greatly in the number of their periodicals. There are 34 Dailies, 52 Weeklies, 224 Monthlies, besides 4 published Quarterly, and 67 at less intervals, from those at every two days, to those at every two months. Among this host may be found one or

more representatives of almost every class of society, trade, and profession, from the *Iris*, devoted to the noble art of making artificial flowers, and the *Professeur, ou Journal raisonné du Tailleur*, to the *Revue Historique de la Noblesse*, and the *Revue des deux Mondes*. What particular class is represented by *Satan*, which appears twice a month, it would be difficult to say. Out of the whole number, only 19 are of a religious character, while as many as six are for the special use of the knights of the needle and shears. The highest annual subscription is 112*f.* (*Moniteur*), but about 50 or 60 francs is the usual amount for a daily, and about 20 or 30 for a monthly. A complete table of the periodical literature throughout the world, giving the period of establishment of each, the extent of its circulation, and short descriptions of its contents, would be most curious and valuable to the statistician, and not less so to the philosophical inquirer into national character.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Scenes from the Life of a Lawyer.

THE author of this manuscript informs us in his preface, that he has practised as an attorney in a country town, and that the narratives he designs to submit to the judgment of the public through the columns of THE CRITIC are founded upon facts that had been brought under his notice in the course of his professional career. He places them at our disposal, permitting us, should the specimen we now present appear to please, to gather some more from his pages for future numbers—a permission of which we shall avail ourselves or not, as our readers may approve. The manifest fault of the work is the want of originality in its design, which was evidently suggested by *The Diary of a Physician*. The Lawyer, however, witnesses as many noteworthy scenes as the Doctor, and the field is, we believe, an untrodden one.

Our author has not the power of his predecessor, either in the construction of a tale or in the telling of it; but upon the whole, the reader will not, we think, be altogether uninterested in his reminiscences, nor displeased with his manner of relating them. But let them judge for themselves. We take his first narrative, which he entitles

"THE LAWSUIT."

"It was on the very first market day after I had commenced my practice in a town in the West of England, as I was sitting in my office, poring over the learned Essay of Fearn on Contingent Remainders, and prepared to receive those who might honour me with their confidence, that I heard a knock at the door and a slow heavy step upon the stairs. All who have felt the interest and anxiety with which a young professional man receives the announcement of business, the importance with which his magnifying imagination invests the most trifling cases, the zeal which he displays and really feels for his employer, the patience with which he is compelled to wait, sometimes for days together, looking for a call, the curiosity with which is heard the report of every comer at the door, the thousand times reviewed day-book, or ledger, or cash-book, or by whatever name he glorifies the record of his office doings—all, I say, who have experienced these flashes that attend the dawning of a lawyer's career, will understand my emotions when this slow and heavy footstep on the stairs startled my thoughts from the abstruse doctrines of Fearn, though not my eyes from his closely-printed page, for I deemed that a law book before me would not at all diminish the confidence of my new client, if indeed such the comer should prove.

"The door opened and presented to me a farmer, for such his dress declared him. With much suavity of tone I entreated him to be seated, and then set myself to hear the case upon which I trusted he was about to consult me. But first I hastily surveyed his person. He was a man evidently going down the vale of life, for his hair was tinged with the snows of time and his face was sunken, and upon it care and years had chiselled many deep hard lines. His countenance shewed much anxiety, which excited in the spectator a feeling of painful interest. A dark eye betrayed the strange compound of shrewdness and simplicity so remarkable in the English yeoman. His tall and muscular form was beginning to fade, for it was somewhat bent, and the rounded limbs of youth were yielding to the gauntness of age. His dress was that of the better class of yeomen, only that it presented an appearance of greater neatness and more of the fashion

of the day than is generally studied by the sturdy agriculturist. It was evident that he and those with whom he lived were not ignorant of the comforts—nay, of the elegancies—enjoyed by the middle classes of this country.

"His business was soon declared. He had heard that I was entrusted with several sums of money to be advanced on good security. He wanted a few hundreds, and inquired the terms. My clients had resolved to lend only on land; I asked him if he could offer any. I perceived that his countenance fell as I put the question.

"'Land,' he said, 'yes, Sir. I have an estate—it was my father's before me; but, to be honest with you, the title is disputed. I am even now on the eve of trial.'

"Further inquiry satisfied me that I could not recommend the loan. I kindly, but frankly, told him so. He almost cried. He did not speak for some moments, but sat with his eyes fixed on the fire, and his body waving to and fro, in a vain struggle to subdue his emotion. I know not what induced him to unbosom himself to me; it may have been that he gathered from my manner that I sympathized with him; it may have been from the satisfaction which the wretched feel in communicating their griefs even to a stranger, as if sorrow was lightened by being shared. Whatever the impulse, he related to me all his troubles.

"His parents, I learned, had filled the same station in life with himself. His father farmed his own estate, and transmitted it to him, as he had believed, altogether unincumbered. Shortly before the death of his parent put him in possession of this property, he married an amiable and, for a farmer's wife, singularly accomplished girl, a governess of a neighbouring school. But she had the good sense to accommodate herself to her situation, without altogether abandoning the studies and refinements of her youth. It was owing to her that the farm-house assumed a new face; its parlour wore an air of comfort, the coarse simplicity of manners was banished, there was a separate table for the parlour and the kitchen, and books and music for the first time graced the retired dwelling of Culver's Close. Eight children had blessed their union. Of these, one was in his grave, the others remained at home, educated by the industry and talent of their inestimable mother, who had infused into their young minds the seeds of goodness, trained them in the path of virtue, polished their manners, and improved their intellects. The eldest was a daughter, named, after her mother, Julia; she was now grown up to be a useful assistant to the failing energies of her parent; but I gathered that of late this favourite child had shewn symptoms of disease which had much alarmed the family. The second was a son, Robert, who aided his father in the management of the farm, and whose taste for study kept him ever at home by the fireside after the day's labour was done, gleaned knowledge for himself, or conveying his stores to the younger ones. The other children descended by regular gradations to the little Ellen, who was a rude, romping, black-eyed tomboy of nine years. Excepting only the loss of that infant, he said their passage through life had been one of uninterrupted happiness—happiness too great to be lasting. About twelve months since he had endured a long and severe sickness, and scarcely could he go about his daily work when he received notice of an adverse claim to his paternal estate, and, soon after, a declaration in ejectment. His illness had somewhat embarrassed him, but from this he would soon have been released by care and frugality, had not the expenses of the lawsuit added to his burthens. It was to supply the means for trial at the next assizes that he asked the loan.

"I really felt a great interest in his history, and this probably encouraged him to lay before me the points of law which he understood that his case involved. His defence was already entrusted to another attorney, whom he named; he could not, therefore, as he would otherwise have done, place it in my hands, but he entreated me to lend him the benefit of my assistance as far as etiquette would permit, 'for,' he concluded, 'if it be lost, nine of us will be ruined. I shall not have a bit of bread for my children to eat.' I promised to give the papers my best attention and to communicate with his attorney, who fortunately was a friend of my own, and more cheerfully he bade me a good morning, I having agreed to see him at his own house in the course of the ensuing week.

"I perused the documents with the greatest care—I referred to the authorities—I read all the cases that bore upon the question, and though I could find none precisely in point, yet the result of the inquiry was an impression that the adverse claim was valid. I wrote a long letter to my friend who was conducting the case, apologizing for the interference, but trusting that the deep interest I felt in the issue of the cause would plead an excuse. I recapitulated to him my own views, and entreated his. By return of post I received a very kind and considerate reply, assuring me that the writer was delighted to have the aid of another in a matter of so much responsibility, and a long opinion, which was certainly more favourable to his client than my own had been, but by

no means expressive of confidence in the result. As I had not then very much to claim my care, my thoughts and studies were for some days devoted to this business.

"But I had not forgot my promised visit. A gloriously bright afternoon invited the most slothful abroad, and I, who love nature devotedly, could not refuse to pay my court to her on such a day. The farm was situated about four miles from the town, and thitherward I turned my steps, preferring the use of the limbs, which were not given for idleness, to the lazy motion of a carriage. It was the middle of July, and the weather hot and close. I selected a lane, so little used that the grass, long and lank, tufted it all over. A wilderness of wild flowers waved on the bank on either side of me, and the long branches of the eglantine intertwining over head, formed a shady and cool verandah for the greater portion of my journey. From this lane I emerged abruptly upon an extensive prospect, bounded by the hills, and immediately on my right, perched upon a gentle swell of the earth, was the retreat I sought. The little hill on whose summit it stood was planted over with flowering shrubs and evergreens. A neat row of poplars towered at its foot, and a few firs and larches gave to the whole an air of gentility seldom seen in the exterior adornments of the residence of the English yeoman. I entered this sweet plantation, and by a path that wound through it in a multitude of mazes, gained the house. It was a substantial stone building, of an ancient date, and upon trellis work, with which it was encompassed, were trained the trumpet and the passion flowers, and a magnificent monthly rose, now in its full bloom. A clean and closely-shaven grass-plot surrounded it. The view on all sides was perfectly panoramic, and at this time truly delicious, as all will feel who have gazed from a neighbouring height on the rich vale of Taunton, in its luxury of corn fields, and elm groves, and green meadows. But I had not long to feast my grateful eyes on this vision of plenty, for the appearance of my client himself, followed by two of his little ones, diverted my attention. He welcomed me with that cordial hospitality which is common in those who dwell in the country. I was speedily introduced to the home which he had praised from his heart in his interview with me at my office. He had expected my arrival, and the family were all assembled in the parlour. The being, whose good taste and energy were impressed upon every thing around me, was a mild and lady-like matron, somewhat more advanced in years than her husband. The daughter, of whom he had spoken to me with tears, was a lovely girl, with features full of animation and intelligence, but I saw, or thought I saw, the hectic hue of that blight of youth and beauty, consumption. I sighed as I looked at her. The father perceived my thoughts and turned to the window. The decorations of the room were simple and elegant, most of them the productions of the various members of the family. Some exquisite paintings in water-colours adorned the walls; a book-case presented the works of our choicest authors, with an excellent selection from modern literature, and a piano-forte and flute shewed that the delicate pleasures of music were among the amusements of this interesting family.

"I spent a delightful evening, not devoted to the weather or the farm-yard, as in most country homes, or to scandal, as in towns, but passed in rational discourse, diversified with a reluctant display of the musical talents of Robert and Julia, who played and sung together with much taste and skill. A rural repast, laid out on the grass plot before the door, closed the day. Fruit, a junket and cream, and home-made cakes, tempted me to indulge in their harmless luxury, and I departed, more deeply interested than ever in the fortunes of my host. He accompanied me about a mile, and snatched the opportunity to ask my opinion of his case. I did not wish to cloud the cheerfulness of that day, and evaded the question; but his keen perception was not to be so baffled. 'Ah,' he said, 'you fear the worst; I know it! Well, God help me and my little ones! You will not desert us; the blessing of all that family will be given to you.' He paused, and I endeavoured to turn the conversation by calling his attention to the full moon, which was just peeping above the horizon. But I could not divert his thoughts from his own distresses. 'Well, Sir,' he said, 'what do you think of Julia? Does not she sing sweetly? She has no teacher but her excellent mother. The dear girl looked better to-day than she has been for weeks past. But she is ill, very ill; did you hear that cough? Oh, Sir, when I hear that cough, it seems as if a dagger was sent through me.' I tried to cheer him, but he would not. 'Robert is a noble fellow,' continued the proud parent; 'high-spirited, and yet most gentle. Though he is fond of his books, he does not neglect the farm; in the long winter evenings he reads and plays to us, and we are so happy. But we may never be so again—eh, Sir?' I could not speak, and, after a short pause he continued: 'I wish you could see us at our Christmas tea-table. It would do your heart good; the elder ones at their books or work; my wife teaching the children, and I, a pleased and a happy father, smiling to see them so industrious and so af-

fectionate. Ah, Sir, it is a proud thing to be a father—but,' he added, in an under tone, 'that may not always be.'

"I wrung his hand at parting; I saw him repeatedly at my office and in his own house previously to the trial, and the more intimately I was acquainted with this family the more I loved them. I felt for the chiefs as for parents, for the children as though they were brothers and sisters.

"But I noticed at every visit the visible change in the health and strength of Julia. She declined daily. They all saw it as well as I, and when the invalid had retired to her chamber, many a tear was shed by this united family on her account.

"The farmer had wrung from me my real opinion of his cause; and it was a sad, yet a noble sight, to see how he bore up against the fate which he believed to be coming upon him; how he struggled with sorrow and made a shew of cheerfulness and confidence in the presence of his family. But though the children did not notice his uneasiness of mind, it did not escape the fond care of his wife. She discovered it almost ere it was known to himself, and she had learned my opinion with a firmness which surprised me, then little acquainted with the energy which women often display in the most trying circumstances.

"The assizes at length commenced, and I attended my friend to Wells. The night preceding the trial upon which the fortunes of his family depended, he could not sleep. He repeatedly called me to ask some question, or to remind me of some point which I may have forgotten. I had interested myself so deeply in the case, that my restlessness was scarcely less than his. Before daylight I was up, and in deep consultation with my brother lawyer.

"The farmer sat by my side in the court during the trial. He listened intently to every word that dropped from the witnesses; he heard the arguments of counsel as if he understood them; he looked at the jury, tried to read the character of each as he entered the box, and pointed out one to me as a benevolent man, and another as a father who would feel for him and his family, and a third again as an unhappy wretch who could not sympathize with the distresses of the poor. I did not check the old man in these comments, for it was a relief to him from the agitation of suspense. He continually interrupted me in the course of the day to ask what I thought of the result, but I could offer little hope.

"When the judge proceeded to sum up, my client, who was seated immediately under the bench, rose, and leaning over the surrounding heads, listened to the comments of the Court. I could perceive the colour come and go upon his lips and cheeks, as the impartial judge presented the strong and weak points of the case on both sides.

"When the jury turned to consider their verdict, the old man resumed his seat, but he did not for a moment revert his eyes from them, and a stranger would have said, so motionless did he sit, that he was an unconcerned spectator of the scene. But I was close to him, and I could see that his hand grasped the knob of a stout ash stick so convulsively, that the nails were driven into the flesh.

"The suspense did not long continue, the jury turned again. I looked at the old man at this moment. He did not move. His breathing was as deep and regular as ever. The associate had left his seat, so that the jury could not deliver their verdict until he returned, and there was an anxious pause for a minute or two. I could scarcely stand for trembling, but my client did not move a muscle. At length a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 40s., was returned; the counsel coolly took up their briefs to indorse them—the associate called on another cause—the judge ate a bun—none seemed to know or to reflect that the fortunes and happiness of a whole family had been blighted by that verdict; nor would they have learned it but for the ruined man himself. He, regardless of the dignity of a court of justice, spite of my endeavours to keep him down, stood up at the full height of his venerable figure, and, before the officers could interfere to silence him, exclaimed, 'My lords and gentlemen of the jury, I have seven children, and nothing in the wide world but this farm. If you take it from us, we must die or go to the parish, and we would rather die than that. Pity me, my lord, and do not, oh! do not ruin us.' He was here silenced by the officers; a laugh ran through the court; I could have cursed my race. The judge rebuked us for permitting our client to disturb the proceedings—but we could not restrain him. Exhausted by the intense agony of the day—by the emotions which he had suppressed—by this last effort—the old man swooned away, and was carried to the inn like a corpse.

"When he recovered, he did not weep nor groan—he scarcely spoke. He thanked me for my attention, and calmly urged our immediate return home, where he would be expected, and whither he desired first to bear the fatal tidings. It was yet early in the day, and we set forth without delay. Throughout the journey he said little of what had passed, and seemed as little to dwell upon the future. This quiet after such a storm might have appeared to some the com-

posure of resignation; I saw that it was the calmness of despair.

"We arrived just as the sun was setting. The whole family had walked out in the road to meet us. Robert was the first to hear our approach, and ran forward—but he soon gathered the truth from my melancholy features. Little was said when the father met his partner and their children. He kissed them all round twice, but he did not shed a tear. They wept bitterly. He looked around him vacantly for a few minutes. 'These fields are no longer our own—curses on the fiends.' His wife flung her arms about his neck, and with sobs and kisses stifled the curse, the first which ever came from his lips. He looked around upon the group again with the same unfeeling countenance; but suddenly it changed to an expression of horror. 'Where, where is Julia,' he muttered. They told him that she was too ill to come out to meet him. 'The blight of heaven is upon me,' he said; 'that sweet girl will be taken from us; and for the first time the feelings of the parent triumphed, and he burst into a sweet and refreshing flood of tears. His heavy heart was relieved. His bursting veins were calmed.

"I shall never forget the scene of that night. The little parlour, the palace of so many happy hours, was a sad spectacle. There used to be nothing but smiles, but now all was sorrow. Julia lay on the sofa gasping for breath, and strove to speak them comfort. Sometimes for minutes together not a word was said; they seemed to feel that the roof under which they had dwelt so long was no longer their own. The social tea—social no longer—was dismissed untasted. At length the mother, who had shewn more self-command than any of them, said to her husband, 'Robert, we have forgotten our duty; we have yet a friend who will never forsake us—a comforter to whom in sorrow we should cry. Robert, my dear Robert, let us altogether kneel before God, and ask him to befriend us. Mr. C— will not object to join us; this is a time of trouble for us all, and the little one shall pray with us; Heaven will hear the petition of a whole family.' I expressed my readiness to join them in the duty of prayer: the father bowed his head in assent. The two youngest children were sitting on his knee and kissing away his tears—sad themselves because all around were so. He rose from his seat, took the hand of each, and clasping them between his own, as they knelt by his side, raised them towards heaven. The mother repeated a prayer aloud, a prayer evidently dictated by the feelings of the moment. I joined with all my soul. I never felt the beauty and sublimity of prayer so forcibly as I did that night. This duty done, the hearts of all were evidently relieved—some even began to lay plans for their future support, and I left them calm and resigned—how different was my last visit to that house.

"Robert called upon me a few days after and informed me that his father was more disturbed than ever; that sometimes he abandoned himself to a frightful despair and sometimes he imagined that the case was not yet decided and talked of the trial as something to come. Julia was growing weaker and weaker, and it was feared that she could not live many days longer. From Robert I gathered that he had a double interest in the trial, for upon it depended his union with a girl to whom he had been long attached, but whose company he would now, friendless and penniless, be forbidden by her calculating father. I admired the young man a thousand times the more that his own sorrows had not been mingled with those of his family. He endured them in silence—but they were not the less heavy. He, however, bore up against all the crowd of ills like a manly fellow as he was. I respect that youth, as who could do otherwise?

"We went together to a neighbouring village to seek a retreat for the exiled family until another farm or some employment could be found for them. We hired neat apartments, and I advised Robert to remove as soon as possible, for I thought that the continual presence of that which must so soon be taken from him would add only to the misery of his father. He promised to observe my directions. On the third day after this he called again, and told me, with tears in his eyes, that Julia was much worse, indeed, that she was now fast sinking into her grave. 'She will not, at least, live to witness our downfall,' he said. 'We must endure all. She is the happiest.' He then informed me that he had attempted to follow my counsel and to remove the things to their new residence, but his father absolutely forbade him, protesting that there was time enough for that yet—that he could not quit the estate—he did not believe that he had lost it. The family strove to bend him, but in vain; no entreaties could move him from his purpose. I repeated my advice, and shewed the young man a letter which I had received from plaintiff's attorney, stating that if the estate was not given up by a certain day they should resort to the extremity of the law.

"I heard nothing from the farm for nearly a week, and having a leisure afternoon, I resolved to visit the family again and inquire after their wants. As I approached the house, I could perceive that they had not quitted it, for Julia's canary was suspended from

the trellis work of the window, singing with all his might. But I could not espy, as usual, the children on the grass plot, or a human form moving among the shrubs. The door was open, and as I paused I heard the sound of angry voices and of weeping within. I entered without ceremony, and was instantly attracted by the continued noise to the parlour. There the whole family was assembled, and among them two strangers, in whom I instantly recognized the sheriff's officers. The old man had thrown himself into his favourite arm chair, his countenance pale with rage, his eyes flashing with indignation, his hair, now very white, falling over his shoulders, one leg contracted, the other extended in the attitude of defiance. His wife, kneeling behind him, had flung her arms about his neck and was sobbing bitterly; the two youngest children, crying also, clung to his knees. The dying Julia, supported in the arms of her brother, gazed at the passing scene with glassy and bewildered eyes, her wasted form trembling with terror, and that awful nervousness which often attends consumption. The other children were standing around them, sobbing as if their little hearts would burst. My entrance was scarcely noticed.

"Come, Sir,' said one of the officers, civilly enough, 'we must do our duty. Don't be obstinate.'

"Duty!' exclaimed the father, raising himself in the chair, and looking at the speaker with a frown of contempt; 'duty indeed! is it your duty to turn the honest man out of house and home? To send a whole family to the parish? In what page of the Bible do ye find that duty written? From this spot I will not stir: earth nor hell shall move me.'

"But the law,' began the bailiff.

"The law! aye, the law,' interrupted the unhappy man; 'that cursed law has ruined me; but for the law I should not be brought to this; the law calls itself the protector of the poor, but it is the weapon of the rich; the law professes to make property secure, but it has taken all from me; the law says that every man's house is his castle; this is my house, this is my castle, and I dare the first who lifts a finger to force me from it. Here I sit: I am an old man, but at this moment I have the strength of a giant.'

"My dear, dear Robert,' sobbed his wife, 'let us yield calmly to our fate. Obey the King's servant. Let us leave this house, we can find another home where we may be as happy. With you and our children all places will be a home to us.'

"Home, do you say, woman,' he exclaimed, leaning to her with the wildness of a maniac; 'home! is not this our home? I tell you, Sirs, that here I was born, and here I will die. On that floor I first learned to walk, these walls heard my first cries. In that corner my old father used to sit and tell me ancient tales, and there I have sat for twenty years and repeated the same tales to my children, and yet you ask me to leave it. I love this house, Sirs; if it were a living thing I could not love it more. And shall I desert it in my grey hairs? Oh! no, no, no,' and he threw himself back again into the chair and was silent.

"I here interposed. 'Ah! Mr. C—,' he said, 'I am glad you are come; these men want to turn me out of my house. Can't you wait until the trial is over?'—then, in a subdued tone, 'Do you know when it will come on?'

"I saw that his mind was wandering: his affectionate helpmate saw it also. Before I could reply he continued: 'Mr. C—, I wish the judge and jury were here to see the misery they have caused. Mr. C—, I could not bear to part with this estate. I know every bush and every flower upon it. What do you think, I often fancy that the grass is greener here than in all the country round. They have promised to bury me under the great elm; I could not sleep quietly in another soil. I paled off the place and planted it with laurel, and holly, and primroses. There I will lie, with all my family around me, and there our dust shall mingle together with the dust that was our own. It is a pleasant thought, Sir, eh?' and he smiled; but what a smile!

"I endeavoured to recal his scattered senses and explain the law by which he was compelled to yield possession to the rightful owner, but I talked in vain.

"Father, dear father,' said Julia, when I paused, 'will you hear your dying girl?'

"The old man turned to her a look of childish wonder.

"Father,' she continued, 'I have not long to live. I have not long to live. I have never desired life till now. I could bear to leave you in your happiness, but not in your desolation. Do, dear father, resign yourself to the will of God. He sends afflictions upon us here to prepare us for bliss hereafter. This has been a long and painful sickness for me; yet I have endeavoured to endure it patiently. Pray, father, pray to endure it patiently. Pray, father, pray to Heaven, and all will yet be well. I will pray for you when I am gone away.' A fit of coughing prevented her saying more. Her exhausted frame could not endure the struggle, and she fell back upon the pillow in convulsions. The family gathered round her, and, even while they looked, she died.

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the situation of the father, who still sat there, with the same determined air, and listened unmoved to the first wild out-pourings of grief from the mother and children. Robert came with his eyes full of tears and his heart bursting and took his hand, endeavouring to lead him to the sofa where was the beautiful but lifeless form of his daughter; but the old man would not move. He then bent and whispered into his ear that Julia was dead.

"Dead—dead—dead!" he exclaimed several times; "Julia dead! tell me how she is?"

"Father, dear father," sobbed the son, "come and see."

"Does she ask for me; does she want to see me?" he continued; here, help me to rise."

"With the aid of his eldest son, the miserable father rose and the group that crowded round the dead Julia opened to give a passage to the sofa on which she lay. Reason seemed to flash again upon him for a moment; for he gazed earnestly at the lovely mortal frame from which the yet warm clay and kissed it, and bathed it with his tears; then he rose, and said solemnly, 'God's will be done. She was a good daughter and a kind sister. Heaven has thought fit to take her to itself. She has at least escaped the troubles of this world, and she will not endure the anguish of parting from this place, if indeed the lawsuit should be given against us. Let us all kneel—kneel here by her whose soul is in heaven, and pray for comfort under our afflictions.' We knelt, and the father offered up a short prayer, which sank deep into the hearts of all who heard it.

"The fit of phrenzy had passed away: he was now tractable as a child. They might lead him where they would; but if the lawsuit was mentioned, he wandered again. The officers had consented to suffer the family to remain until the funeral; but, for the sake of the father's tottering reason, it was determined that they should remove at once. The body of Julia was laid on a bier hastily constructed; I spread over it a heap of flowers; it was borne by four of the workmen who loved the family in its prosperity, and did not desert it in its day of trial and tribulation. The father, supported on one side by his disinherited son, on the other by the partner of his sorrows, as she had been of his joys, followed the bier; and after them the other children tottered from the threshold of the home that had nursed their infancy, and with which all their dreams of pleasure were blended. I lingered on the grass-plot to watch the melancholy train as it wound down the hill-path: the sun had set; the air was still, and calm, and soft; the evening star hung upon the horizon, the autumn mists were rising up from the meadows; my eyes were full of tears, and the scene dated before me. I saw the procession pass the gate: I noticed that as they went each of the exiles turned a last look at the home of his ancestors, and plucked a rosebud from the bush that arched the entrance. A loud laugh came from the house which had lately witnessed such a spectacle of woe; it proceeded from the men whose calling had hardened them to distress. I turned sickening away, and I had shed many tears ere I reached my home.

"The further history of this family is brief. I obtained a situation for Robert, who gives much satisfaction to his employers. The indefatigable mother has opened a child's school in the village, and, by dint of her own exertions and the little that Robert can supply, supports her family in respectability, if not in comfort. The father may be seen every day roaming about the fields that once were his own, giving orders to the labourers respecting the fences, or counting the sheep; nor in these harmless amusements is he thwarted by the occupier of the premises or any of his men, who pity his infirmity and respect his misfortunes.

"I sometimes hear the same slow and heavy step upon my stairs, and the same tall, but now more venerable figure, darkens my door. I think it advisable to humour his fancy for awhile, and so he often comes to consult me, with all his former earnestness, about the progress of the LAWSUIT."

Brevities: or, Thoughts on Men and Things.

WE are informed, that among the papers of a literary gentleman, now deceased, there was found a little red-covered volume, in which he had been wont to set down, when they occurred to him, his reflections upon men and things, as seen through the achromatic glass of experience. He had purposed to commit this little volume to the press, when death arrested the design. His family have forwarded to us a portion of it, asking the judgment of THE CRITIC, if it be worth the hazard of publication. Although it certainly contains much that is interesting, we cannot say that there is enough of originality to tempt purchasers. Some of the reflections are common-place—many of the maxims are taken from other authors. Such as

to us have the air of novelty shew that the writer was more amiable than profound; they are sentiments, rather than thoughts; the world is deluged with the former, the latter only are wanted now, and they will not, we fear, be found here in sufficient abundance to arrest public attention. In proof of our remarks, we cite three or four of the best of these "Brevities."

"PROGRESS OF SOCIETY."

"A simpleton from the country going with a dense crowd to witness some sight, terrified at the rapidity with which the mass advances, refuses to accompany it any further. The consequence is, that he must inevitably have to stand against the whole force of the living torrent; and great indeed must be the strength of that individual who, in so unequal a contest, is not thrown down.

"Somewhat similar appears to be the case of many of our most ancient institutions, or, rather, of their defenders. They are like men standing still in the midst of a mob, which is rapidly moving forward, and will, in all probability, be thrown down, and trampled upon for their pains.

"The state of society is evidently on the advance, and they who wish to escape destruction must, either at a faster or slower pace, advance too. Now when this state of things happens to produce injury to the resisting party, it is often attributed to hostile motives. But is it not the unavoidable consequence of an individual setting up himself in opposition to the majority? But, to carry on the comparison, perhaps the supposed individual, if a man of weight and influence, may, by a few well-timed observations, attract the notice of the crowd, and, if permitted to continue his address, may prevail upon them, by shewing them the dangers of their course, to hesitate, and, perhaps, to abandon their enterprise. This may be highly praiseworthy and practicable. Should, however, his remonstrances fail, nothing remains but to pass on with the multitude. Let this be applied to the church, legislation, reform, finance, &c."

"DETACHED THOUGHTS."

"Upon what apparently trivial circumstances do human happiness or misery, success or misfortune, depend! Paley's weakness, when a youth, by depriving him of the usual boyish amusements, threw him back on his own mental resources; the result is well known. Again; might not Cowper's excessive diffidence, by impelling him to seek retirement, account for his excellence in poetical composition? What but the poverty of Dr. Johnson, in the early part of his life, induced him to make those exertions which have rendered his name illustrious?—for his constitutional indolence is undeniable.

"What, again, but the youthful excesses of Byron, by driving him without the pale of respectable society, and causing him to seek for consolation in other pursuits, and among a different class of persons, together with that recklessness of mind caused by his vices, could have produced the extraordinary style of composition, and those coruscations of Satanic fire which distinguish his works?"

"STIMULANTS."

"Artificial stimulants may be compared to money borrowed on interest; sometimes the temporary loan may be the means of securing a larger sum: but generally it is a source of poverty rather than of wealth. The money is anticipated; so are the animal spirits. Both must be made up; but, besides this, an expense is incurred. There is not only the principal, but the interest to be repaid. *Ex. gr.*, it is not merely taking the enjoyment in one day, which ought to have been divided among several, but there is a loss of capital (*i. e.* of health or wealth), attendant on the transfer."

"PRACTICAL REFLECTION."

"It may be lawful and reasonable for persons who have acquired a competence of wealth or fame, to relinquish their exertions, and enjoy their acquisitions, their '*otium cum dignitate*,' without any endeavours to increase their store; not so with religion. Here we should be continually accumulating—never diminishing our possessions by the amount of the smallest fraction; but, if the expression may be permitted, putting it out at compound interest, by adding 'grace to grace;' and even then we may find that we have barely laid by a sufficiency for future use. Wealth and titles may be transmitted to our descendants—our spiritual advantages we cannot bequeath."

MUSIC.

Summary.

THE past month has been singularly barren of musical publications. Drawing-rooms continue to echo to weariness the songs from the *Bohemian Girl*, and some scraps from *Don Pasquale*; but we have heard nothing new that we could recommend to our lady readers, nor have we received a single composition that

deserves notice. The Opera season is about to open with a promising programme. Among other attractions is the famous English vocalist, who has been received with such enthusiasm in Italy. In obedience to English prejudice, which can recognise vocal merit only in a Signora, this young lady has assumed an Italian name, though we should much prefer to see her wearing her good old English name of EDWARDS, were it only that her country may boast of one great vocalist at the least. As Miss Edwards, it has been frequently our pleasure to listen to her performances, and we can assure our readers that fame has not exaggerated her powers. Her voice has the largest compass by many notes we ever heard; it is singularly rich in tone, and, to complete her accomplishments, she has *soul*—genuine feeling—which she throws into her music with an energy that gives to it almost an air of inspiration. Moreover, she possesses intellect, and that is essential to a mastery of dramatic music; she will act as well as sing, and she will sing like a woman, and not like an automaton.

A musical drama, by Rodwell, to be entitled *The Seven Maidens of Munich*, has been accepted at Drury-lane Theatre.

ART.

Summary.

THE only event of importance that has occurred affecting Art during the past month has been the opening of the British Institution, a critique upon which will be found subjoined. Among the announcements of engravings about to be commenced is one of Mr. J. P. Knight's historical picture of "The Heroes of the Peninsula." We have not had an opportunity of examining this work; report, however, speaks more favourably of it than of "The Heroes of Waterloo," its companion. There is a rumour current of an intention to establish in London a "Decorative Art Society," and we earnestly hope the project will be carried out. In England, too little attention has been paid to this subject. There is an important work by Mr. Gruner, now in the press, illustrative of fresco decorations and stuccoes, in Italy, during the fifteenth century, from which sound information and many beautiful examples may be derived. It will be seen by the reader of this department of THE CRITIC, that the celebrated historical painter Pietro Benvenuti, died a few days ago, at Florence. His name will occupy a distinguished position in the annals of modern Italian art.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE opinion seems to be pretty general, and it has our entire concurrence, that this exhibition is not equal in merit to those of bygone years. There is a goodly array of distinguished and respectable names in the list of exhibitors this season; yet, take away the pictures already known, with some dozen, at most, of new ones, and the residue will be found of a mediocre class, few rising slightly above, while many sink far below it. We have nothing this year from Calcott or Turner, Eastlake or Stanfield.

Among the pictures we regret to find still remaining unsold, are Maclise's "Player's Reception of the Author," Linnell's "Supper at Emmaus," Poole's "Solomon Eagle," and that exquisite gem of Herbert's, "Christ and the Woman of Samaria"—a picture as full of sacred sentiment and refined expression as we ever remember to have examined.

In the department of landscape, the exhibition is this year any thing but strong. Lee exhibits three or four, but they are unequal to his larger pictures. Bright has a few good ones, and Creswick has sent three of his nature-reflecting works. Beyond these, we scarcely remember any worthy of separate mention.

Two extraordinary pictures, however, are here for the first time brought before the public, to which we particularly invite the attention of our readers. One is "Calypso's Grotto," by Mr.

Danby, whose name is already widely and honourably known; the other is by a Mr. Goodall, a very young man (rumour says he is no more than twenty), whose masterly picture, "Fête de Mariage," places him at a single stride among the foremost of living artists. If the mantle of Wilkie has descended upon human shoulders, it has fallen on those of this promising young artist. This, no doubt, is saying much, yet we do it advisedly, after proper deliberation; and we point to his picture to justify this praise. A notice of each of these magnificent compositions will be found below.

It may be well to premise, before entering on the thankless office of critic, that such pictures only are noticed as present some peculiar qualities, whether of excellence or defect, and that the order in which they follow is that generally wherein they struck the eye.

No. 15. *Dante accompanied by Virgil in his Descent to the Inferno, recognizes Rustiucci, Aldobrandi, and Guidoguerra.* G. Patten, A.R.A.—The most striking feature to the spectator as he enters the gallery is this grand and gloomy picture. It is finely imagined, remarkable for its force, original in form and action, and has a glow of lurid preternatural colour pervading it in admirable keeping with the subject. As this powerful work does not appeal to those common sympathies of the mind which the least learned of observers can always appreciate, but is superhuman in its aim and character, we fear the artist must content himself with the suffrages of a limited class of admirers, yet think the most valuable and welcome that can greet his ear.

No. 19. *The Vale of Clwyd.* A. Vickers.—There is generally a happy *vraisemblance* to Nature in this landscape. It gives precisely one of those broad noon-day effects in summer, when the shadow of fleecy clouds imparts variety and beauty to the prospect. With so light a sky, however, we think the water a little too leaden in hue and unreflective.

No. 32. *Sancho's Letter to his Wife.* A. Egg.—There is some ability displayed in this subject. The Squire is an excellent embodiment of the character. But the Duchess in her chair, and the female over-looking her, are in worn-out conventional attitudes; indeed, there is small originality about the picture, which is obviously painted at MacLise.

No. 35. *Sleeping Nymphs and Satyr.* W. Etty, R.A.—Notwithstanding the luscious colour which fascinates the eye here, as in all Mr. Etty's productions, this is but an indifferent picture. The recumbent Nymph, on the left of the Satyr, is ill-drawn, and the landscape accessories abominably executed. Something more than mere colour is necessary; therefore, we do not subscribe to the demand here made on us to sacrifice every thing to this one predominant quality. That only can be a perfect picture where a reasonable balance is preserved between colour and distinctness of form, which is far from being the case here. The tree, beneath whose branches the group lies disposed, is blotchy, black, destitute of character, and precisely of a strength with the Satyr's head, which should stand out against it. It was not by such works as the one before us that Mr. Etty won an enviable name; we entreat him to turn to his earlier pictures, and, when he paints small imaginative subjects in future, to remember his exquisite gem, "Cupid interceding for Psyche," and the works he produced about the same time, if he would maintain the distinguished rank and popularity which years ago he acquired.

No. 2. *A Dutch Village, moonrise;* and No. 16, *a Landscape, Cornwall, autumnal morning.* H. Bright.—A pair of covetable, charming pictures. The latter is especially remarkable for truth of colour, force, and an attention to detail, which we are glad to welcome in this artist's labours. The light that streams into the landscape is astonishingly vivid. Both subjects evince Mr. Bright's masterly knowledge of effect, and prove he has a quick and cultivated eye for the picturesque.

No. 17. *A Mallard.* George Lance.—We cannot conceive any thing in the shape of a picture more *real* than this. The silky texture of plumage, and the brilliant hues of nature, are here, of a truth, imitated to the life.

No. 46. *All Sharn.* F. P. Stephanoff.—A pleasing composition, which conveys the story intelligibly. It has less of mannerism, and is happier in colour, than any previous picture by this artist we remember to have seen.

No. 51. *Evening.* T. S. Cooper.—Though a simple mountain scene, devoid of picturesque accessories other than those afforded by a few cattle, sheep, and goats, this is a winning and attractive landscape. The brindled ox in the centre group is excellent, and there is a lively trait of nature in the goats at play beyond him. Rarely have we found space so successfully conveyed as here. There is a fulness of sunny light, a freshness of mountain atmosphere, in this picture, which by sympathy make one actually breathe more freely, though in the centre of smoky London.

In No. 166. *A Cattle Shed* (middle room). Mr. Cooper has been successful every where but in the tree, which (like all his trees) is deficient in roundness, mass, and substance. Texture is here closely imitated, and the finish exquisite.

No. 53. *The Apparition that appeared to the second Lord Lyttleton.* T. Von Holst.—Here is a large picture, covering a space of wall which (seeing that four hundred and thirty subjects were rejected for want of room) we are confident might have been far more creditably occupied. In colour it is muddy and vile, the drawing is imperfect, and there is not throughout it a solitary gleam of fancy above the veriest common-place; so that we are totally at a loss to divine what could have been the motive with the committee for its admission, to the prejudice of many smaller and better works. Mr. Holst has in the same room a landscape—No. 74, *Castle of Altenahr*,—to which most of these censures equally apply.

No. 42. *A Syrian Dragoman, with attendant Nubian Boy;* and No. 60. *Alfred dividing the Loaf with the Pilgrim.* Wm. Simson.—These are pictures of a superior class of merit. The historical subject, as may be expected, is best. Its composition is extremely simple. Perhaps the figure of the King is a little heavy and undignified. The Queen has a sweet Saxon countenance, and the child who peeps timidly, beside the father's robe, at the kneeling boy, is equally handsome and interesting. There is an air of earnestness in the royal donor, and in the recipient of the benefit, in just propriety with the occasion. Considering the size of these pictures, there is bold handling in each of them. The colouring of both is rich, and so full of strength as in some places to verge on hardness, but never reaching it.

No. 48. *Fête de Mariage.* F. Goodall.—Beyond a doubt this is one of the ablest productions of its class that has appeared since the palmy days of Wilkie. We should say it were impossible that any dispassionate person, having a knowledge of the principles and practice of painting, could examine it without strong feelings of admiration and pride—admiration at the consummate genius it unfolds, and pride that another master-spirit is in existence to sustain and elevate the character of British art. So complete and full of subject is this picture, that to describe it adequately,—were it in our power so to do,—would occupy columns; we must, therefore, be content to give a general summary of its most striking features. It represents a merry-making in celebration of the marriage of a youthful couple of villagers. The young have met to dance and be gay, the old to gossip and be gay. On the right the parish cure is giving his congratulations to the bridegroom,—a smiling, handsome, young man, and a quaint old gentleman of the *ancien régime* is paying his respects to the blushing, pretty bride, and her well-pleased mother. In the centre the young folks are dancing. On the left is a knot of old people, chattering busily, or looking with interest on the youthful groups before them. The unity of place is faithfully preserved throughout; every thing is emphatically *French*, from the dingy tricolor flag in the roof, to the infant on the floor, that stretches out its hands impatiently for the grapes, it has not speech to employ in asking. Numerous as are the episodes to the main subject, there is nothing unintelligible, or that does not contribute to the general interest. The disposition of light and shade is masterly, the grouping skilful; while the diversity of personal character, complexion, countenance, the individual truth of expression and stamp of sentiment, are such as lie far beyond the power of any to invent and combine, save those who are gifted with a powerfully creative genius. It remains to add, that a world of labour has been devoted to this picture. The colouring is pure and transparent, and the finish equal in delicacy to Lancret or Watteau. We earnestly invite the attention of our readers to this most able

work, assured that it will afford them no trifling amount of intellectual pleasure.

No. 59. *A study from Nature. Old Houses in the neighbourhood of Newstead Abbey.* J. Rawson Walker.—At first sight there is something attractive about this picture. It has its share of atmosphere, and there is due flatness and reflection in the sheet of water, which forms a large portion of the subject. The group of trees, rising from behind the houses, is execrable—ungraceful in form, wanting in mass, and unnatural in colour. The shadows too are clumsily thrown in, and contribute less than they ought to produce a good effect.

No. 67. *The Father's Grave.* J. Calcott Horsley.—We have wondered to find a man of Mr. Horsley's powers limiting himself to a subject so trite and threadbare as this. The composition is very simple: as regards expression, the artist has been successful. The background, however, is weaker than the picture would bear, and the shadow running through the middle-ground is sadly wanting in transparency.

No. 68. *On the Clyde.* W. Creswick, A.R.A.—Of the three landscapes exhibited by Mr. Creswick, this, in our opinion, is the best. The cool grey light is skilfully carried through the picture. There is remarkable force and richness of colour in the wet slippery rocks which form part of the foreground; the foliage, springing from the cliffs, is crisp and feathery, and there is singular clearness and motion in the running waters.

Very nearly of equal excellence with the above is No. 372, *Quiet*, by the same artist. A delectable spot, worthy the abode of the spirit of solitude.

No. 87. *Virginia discovered by the Old Man and Domingo.* H. J. Townsend.—We have here a highly pathetic scene most ably embodied. The expression of sorrowful sympathy on the countenance of the old man is extremely touching. The figures are faultless in drawing—that of the negro is bold and striking. A sentiment of melancholy is finely carried through this picture; it runs even into the cold blue sky, and is present in the hoarse murmur of the subsiding waves.

No. 99. *Pont d'Al in the Val d'Aosta.* J. D. Harding.—One of the best of this artist's pictures we have seen for some time. The composition is remarkably picturesque, colour faithful to nature, and the disposition of shadow productive of the happiest effect.

No. 88. *The Young Sailor, engaged to marry, returns from his voyage only to die.* T. Uwins, R.A.—A small picture, but one of no common merit. If ever we saw an expression of agony conveyed on canvas, it is here, in the face of the girl as she watches her expiring lover.

No. 118. *Calypso's Grotto. The goddess weeps the departure of Ulysses.* F. Danby, A.R.A.—This picture we deliberately pronounce one of the grandest and most impressive that have ever been produced in this or any other country. Highly imaginative as it is, nothing can well be simpler than its composition. The orb of day is sinking rapidly to the horizon, portentous and red, touching with crimson light the dark rolling waves of the ocean, and faintly illuminating the rocks which form the horns of a capacious bay. On the sandy beach in the foreground walks the weeping goddess, her lovely frame irradiated by the gorgeous hues of the declining sun. The name "Ulysses" inscribed on the sand at her feet, renders the story intelligible at a glance. On the right is the grotto of the goddess lit up with an avenue of lamps; on the left a lonely pharos blazes on the lofty peak of a distant promontory. Never, surely, was sunset so exquisitely painted before; never more imagination and poetry concentrated in such a subject. Tints of crimson and red, yellow, faint green, and blue, fading gradually into each other, with barred and interlacing clouds of intenser hues, make up a sky which, for space, atmosphere, and truth of colour, fairly rivals nature. The vast breadth of the ocean, unbroken by a sail, adds materially to the grandeur of the effect. The light that glints upon the head and side of Calypso is absolutely magical; yet there is not a trace of exaggeration throughout the picture—all is harmony and beauty. The sentiment is touching. Emblematic of her condition is the setting sun, for hope is dying in the heart of the mourner. We always turn from this magnificent picture with reluctance, and shall lament when the close of the exhibition will shut it out from our view. It will pass into the hands of some enviable purchaser; yet the memory of it will neither perish in us, nor in any that may once have

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seen it, but will exist so long at least as matter and mind cohere together, verifying the exclamation of the poet:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"
(To be concluded in our next.)

The celebrated historical painter and director of the Academy of Arts at Florence, Professor Pietro Benvenuti, died in that city last week, after a long and painful illness, at the age of 75.

THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THIS attractive theatre has been earnest in its endeavours to maintain its high position in public favour by a continual stream of novelties. Keeley and his wife have returned to the boards, and have convulsed the house with laughter in a new after-piece, entitled *Blasé*, which has been repeated night after night with immense applause. Mr. and Mrs. Wood keep their places and their popularity in a succession of favourite operas. Among other attractions, the smallest dwarf in the world has made his appearance upon the stage, performing divers antic tricks to the infinite amusement of the benches, who showered plaudits upon the little fellow as he gracefully bowed to them before the curtain. Do not fail to visit the Princess's.

We strolled into this theatre on Monday to see a *petite* comedy played for the first time, with the title of *Aged Forty*; it was completely successful, being well written and well acted. The plot is extremely simple. *Sir Harry Wilder* (Mr. W. Lacy) is a gentleman of forty, who had some years before loved his cousin, *Lady Clifton* (Miss Fortescue), but had left her to indulge in the fashionable habits of dissipation. Weary of these recollections of his early love return. He seeks his cousin—finds that in the interval she had married, and was now a widow. She draws him to her feet again, and then tells him the tale, how he won her first affections and trampled on them; how she had found a friend who had died of consumption, and who, on her death-bed, had given her his letters, shewing that she also had been the victim of his coquetry. She then rejects him for one *Mr. Dapper*, a spirited and somewhat humorous little gentleman, well personified by Mr. Oxberry, and who is the comedy of the piece. Miss Fortescue's performance was a masterpiece of acting, and the grace and dignity of her bearing, and the deep feeling she threw into her tones when telling the sad tale, riveted the attention of the audience, and satisfied us that she has in her many of the qualifications required for a great actress. She so pleased, that she was called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of a crowded house.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Being favoured with but an occasional admission to this Theatre, we are unable to record its novelties as they appear. We have visited it once during the past month, and were highly delighted with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, got up with excellent taste, and well cast, the charm of the play lying in the admirable representation of the *Merry Wives* by Mrs. Nisbett and Madame Vestris. We do not altogether approve Bartley's *Falsaff*; he has formed a wrong conception of the character. The Christmas piece has been replaced, we hear, by several *petite* comedies.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE attraction of the month has been a version of Dickens's delightful *Christmas Carol*, which has been got up with the keen perception of that which is pleasing to the public taste, for which this theatre is famous. The dance at Fezziwigs, and the dinner at Cratchit's, were the most telling points of the piece. The miser, *Scrooge*, was admirably personified by O. SMITH. WRIGHT'S *Bob Cratchit* was to the life, and he threw into it all the quiet humour in which he excels. Another drama, not so much to our taste, has been produced here during the month. It is called *Judith of Geneva*, and is a compound of melo-dramatic horrors dished up with spices hot enough to tickle the most sated lover of tales of murder, robbery, and seduction. It is extremely well acted, especially by Mrs. YATES: but it is not fitted for the stage.

GLEANINGS OF THE MONTH, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE DEATH SONG OF CHATTERTON. (FOR THE CRITIC.)

"For three days he had eaten nothing—on the last he took arsenic."

Would I were dead! such are the words of woe
That steal upon my sadly-waking hours;
Would I were dead! my spirit longs to go
Far from this wintry world of fading flowers;
My blood runs slowly, and my feeble brain
Shrinks from the toil that makes men glad and great;
Remorse sits near me, on her throne of pain,
And my chill'd heart feels lone and desolate.
Would I were dead!

I love the solemn stillness of the grave—
The dreamy mystery of that silent hall.
Ambition's robe may deck ambition's slave;
Wrap my worn body in a funeral pall.
Peace must be there—or if not peace, the spell
Which bursts the iron hinges of the tomb,
And bids the longing soul for ever quell
This ceaseless wish to know its final doom.
Would I were dead!

Why art thou all so cold and stern, oh Death?
Why doth such horror creep upon the face
That beam'd with beauty, till the parting breath
Left thy dank fingers to impress their trace?
Thou canst not scare me from thy spirit-land
By such poor badges and parade of fear;
Stretch forth, thou Terror-king, thy grisly hand,
I dread not thee, nor sigh to linger here.
Would I were dead!

I would not pass in pain—but calm and still,
On some fair evening, when the sun was low,
Whilst the soft zephyr brushed th' autumnal hill,
Waving the drooping flowers to and fro;
Then would I ponder, if the trackless flight
Of my freed soul would lie through yonder skies;
And think that, ere the stars had gemm'd the night,
I might have power to grasp their mysteries.
Would I were dead!

But I have sinned—low and vile desires
Have made my sullied heart their foul abode;
And I have kindled, at forbidden fires,
The lamp that should have burnt before my God.
Dare I to die?—I dare!—I shrink from life,
Not from the chastening of a parent hand,
And feel amid this scene of boisterous strife
Like a sad exile from my father-land.
Would I were dead!

Come back! come back! ye radiant dreams of youth,
Fair-seeming visions of my earlier days;
Come, as ye shone, ere the stern power of truth
Had dimmed the fairy lustre of your rays!
Ah, no!—they come not, each in his bright gleam,
Speeds to the misty region of the past;
I see their wild eyes glancing from afar,
Their parting song floats on the sighing blast.
Would I were dead!

In those far worlds that star the midnight sky,
There must be some blest resting-place from woe,
Where the ethereal spirit may defy
The grovelling cares that clog its course below;
There haply, freed from earth, its nobler flight
Might halt atone for all its errors here,
And those lost aspirations, pure and bright,
May meet fulfilment in its new career.
Would I were dead!

E. S.

THE LATE MR. SOUTHEY.

(From the John Bull.)

IN consequence of a desire which had been generally expressed, that a public testimony of respect to the late Poet Laureate should be placed in the church of Crosthwaite, near Keswick, in which parish he had spent the greater portion of his life, a meeting was held at Keswick, on the 31st of last October, when various resolutions, for the purpose of carrying the above purpose into effect, were unanimously agreed to. The first of these resolutions was, "That in accordance with what appears to be a general wish, a tablet, with a medallion of Mr. Southey, in white marble, be adopted as the monument to be erected; and that William Wordsworth, Esq., Poet Laureate, be requested to write the inscription."

With this request Mr. Wordsworth cheerfully complied, and having been favoured with a copy of the inscription, we lay it before our readers for their gratification:—

"Sacred to the Memory of Robert Southey, whose Mortal Remains are interred in the neighbouring churchyard. He was born at Bristol, October 4, 1774, and died, after a residence of nearly 40 years, at Greta-hall, in this parish, March 21, 1843.

"Ye torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes wherein the Spirit of Water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here—on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved brooks, no more
Shall SOUTHEY feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance or the church's weal;
Or fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
Or reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.

His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith
In his pure soul the fear and change of death."

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.—A general meeting of this body was held at Osborne's Hotel, Adelphi, on Saturday evening last—Thomas Wyse, Esq., M.P., in the chair. The main objects of the formation of this institute are to unite, by intellectual and social means, the interests of artists, and to attempt to establish a free and liberal intercourse between the patrons and lovers of art and its professors. The meeting on Saturday was numerously attended. The minutes of the last general meeting, held 27th January last, having been read and confirmed, Mr. Fahey, the secretary, read the draft of a petition proposed to be presented to Parliament by the institute, praying for the establishment in London, at the public expense, of a "Hall of Sculpture," which should comprise the finest casts procurable of all the most beautiful pieces of sculpture in the world. It is proposed that this hall should be open during the day to the public, and in the evening to artists for the purposes of study. The meeting, having approved of and adopted this petition, was addressed by Mr. Wyse, in an eloquent speech, on the importance of the cultivation of the fine arts, and the influence they exercise on the best interests of society. A paper, drawn up by Mr. Heaphy, on the practicability of keeping frescos damp for several days, was also read, after which the meeting separated. The secretary announced that the next meeting would be held in March, at the rooms of the institute, No. 7, Newman-street, for the election of a new council and other officers.

FINE ARTS.—BRITISH MUSEUM.—Several valuable and highly important additions have recently been made to the print-room of the British Museum, which, since the appointment of Mr. Jose to its keepership, has undergone a complete system of arrangement. Amongst the new collections are twenty volumes of engravings by the celebrated Raphael Morghen, purchased at a cost of 1,500l. from the house of Puckle and Co., and a collection of prints after Rembrandt, selected by, and purchased from, Mr. Smith, for 450l. This is a duplicate arrangement of the works from that great master, and has been added to the rooms for the use of the students, and to save the more costly collection from injury. Additions have likewise been made to the collections of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir W. Strange, and to the numerous mezzotints, after Constable, &c. The Dutch etchings have, moreover, received attention, and the sets are much increased in importance.

M. Beranger has written a letter, praying the students of the schools to excuse his proceeding at their head to the ceremony of inaugurating the statue of Molière on the 15th, as they had requested. "My character, my tastes, and my habits," says M. Beranger, "have always kept me away from public solemnities, where I should find myself ill at ease, and unable to utter a single word." The poet also expresses his regret at having been from home when the students visited him lately, and laments that any collision should have taken place afterwards. The following passage in the letter would seem to intimate that the poet still continues his compositions:—"Persuade those generous young men to leave in his corner—which, thank Heaven, is not the gloomy corner of the misanthropist—the old philosopher and song-writer, still faithful to his convictions and his sympathies. The dreams which he still makes there will prove, he hopes, to your generation, which will so long survive him, that to his last moments he was occupied with the happiness and glory of his country."

BRITANNIA.—Under this title, a work of some interest has been published at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. It is a selection from the works of the English poets in chronological order, from the Earl of Surrey to the present time, rendered into German verse, and printed with the original English text. The German lady, Louise von Ploennies, who has produced this work, has executed it with great spirit and fidelity, giving an additional testimony of her familiarity with our language by an English poem to the memory of Mrs. Hemans.

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